

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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SOUVENIRS DE VOYAGE.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IN our former article we noticed the objects of interest in the nave and north and south transepts. Our stand-point was in front of the high altar, where a larger scope of the "glorious Gothic scene" is brought within the view than from any other. Now we turn eastward and pass the great screen that separates the east end of the nave, usually called the apsis, from the transept, and walking completely around the aisle or ambulatory, we pass on the right some eight or nine chapels dedicated to St. Paul, St. John the Baptist, St. Edmund, St. Nicholas, and others; while on our left, embraced within our circuit and distinctly separated from all the rest by the lofty pillars and intervening screens and tombs, is the large area of the ancient chapel and shrine of Edward the Confessor, who was buried here in 1066. When it is remembered that Westminster was for centuries a place of worship according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, it is easily understood why so many small chapels are found there. In them, under that service, would assemble for prayer those who sought aid from either of the dead saints to whom these several chapels had been consecrated. The names of the shrines have been preserved, but religious services are no longer held in them; they are now filled with tombs.

It is a thoughtful, serious walk around that aisle which separates St. Edward's chapel from those already mentioned. The hushed stillness; the dusky light; the effigies of the dead; the work of ages; the centuries of repose; the memorials of an ancient and still living worship; the illumination of history—all combine to exclude the present and wrap us in the shadowy past. Kings, queens, princes, nobles, warriors, priests, philos-

ophers, noble women and notable children are on every side. Uncover these tombs and there they still lie, in the funeral wrappings and ornaments as palpable as when ages gone by in solemn pomp and with all the grandeur of imposing ceremonies they were laid in their last resting-place. History tells us of their deeds in battles at home and abroad, under the walls of Jerusalem and Nazareth, centuries before even Columbus had sailed for our new world. While yet London was confined within her old walls; while yet an embowered avenue stretched its grateful shade along the shining river from this ancient suburb to the capital; while yet the Roman empire maintained in its Byzantine seat much of its old prestige and warlike pomp, these relics of kings and great men were here laid down in sorrow and in sighing with earnest prayers, and mournful chants, and muffled music, and waving banners.

The first chapel on our right, as we enter, is that of St. Benedict: in it is the tomb of Archbishop Langham, who was monk, prior, and abbot of the Abbey, afterward made primate and chancellor of the realm, nuncio of the Pope, etc.; he was buried here in 1376, with a prayer "that he might be granted the joys of heaven for Christ's sake." This seems old; but just on the left is a monument to Sebert, king of East Saxons, who died in July, 606. It was he who first built a church near the site of the Abbey. Passing on from chapel to chapel, we see a crowd of tombs; but we can only notice those which are of historic interest. Here is a tomb of an old—and famous, too—Lord John Russell, buried in 1584; it is remarkable for its five epitaphs, written by his wife in Latin, Greek, and English. She was very learned, esteemed the Sappho of her age, and an excellent poet. Near this is the tomb of Mary, Countess of Stafford, wife to the unfortunate Count who was beheaded during the reign of Charles II. Another Archbishop, de Waldeby,

who attended the Black Prince in his French war, was buried here in 1397; also the tomb of another old abbot, buried in 1258. In the next chapel lies Sir Humphrey Stanley, knighted by Henry VII, for his gallant conduct on Bosworth field. The next is an elegant tomb erected by the great Lord Burleigh to his wife, who says, among other things, that she was well versed in the sacred writers, chiefly the Greek." When she died she appropriated much of her wealth to founding scholarships in the universities and perpetual charities for the poor of Romford and Chesnut; so that, though dead, her good works still exist and are a blessing, though three hundred years have passed away. What a noble work! Close to this is a tall pyramid to commemorate a noble infant, overlaid by its nurse! Places must have been easily obtained in those days. Many famous ladies are entombed about this spot; among others, Katherine Valois, wife of Henry V, and Mary Beaumont, mother of the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, of James I's reign. In the chapel of St. Paul we have a colossal statue of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. The inscription is written by Lord Brougham, and is worthy of being transcribed: "Not to perpetuate a name which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish, but to show that mankind have learned to honor those who best deserve their gratitude, the king, his ministers, and many of the nobles and commoners of the realm raised this monument to James Watt, who, directing the force of an original genius, early exercised in philosophic research, to the improvement of the steam-engine, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science, and the real benefactors of the world. Born at Greenock, Scotland, 1736: died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, 1819." As much as Watt deserves this testimonial for the incalculable value of the discovery, yet how inharmonious is his effigy with the nature of the place! He is represented seated on a pedestal, stooping forward, compasses in hand, forming designs. Is there no repose in the grave? Must our idea continue to be that of toil? When the celebrated Fernel was once entertained by his friends to slacken his labors and spare his life, his noble reply was, "Destiny reserves for us repose enough."

As remarked formerly, these monuments of men, as in the most active toil, are a modern innovation, and are wholly incongruous with the sentiment of the Abbey and with the tombs of the mediæval and later periods. What a contrast does Watt's tomb make to the old Gothic one beside it, erected over the remains of Henry V's

standard-bearer at Agincourt! The gallant warrior lies with closed eyes and hands clasped as if death found him in the attitude of prayer. You feel as if,

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;"

while of Watt you feel a dread that he might straighten his gigantic figure from its stooping posture and lift the chapel's roof! Close at hand is the monument of a noble lady, Frances, Countess of Sussex, who by her last will founded a divinity Chair in Cambridge University. Her good work still lives.

ST. EDWARD'S CHAPEL.

Now let us enter the Confessor's chapel. His tomb and shrine occupy the center. It was built by Henry III in 1269, and was then the glory of England, covered as it was with ornaments and precious stones and golden figures. At one time the jewels and valuables were pledged by Henry in an emergency for nearly £13,000. But it has long since been stripped of its wealthy adornments, and is no longer regarded as a holy spot. In the remote period of its erection, it was visited by multitudes from all parts of the realm, and even distant lands, who came to make their devotions at the altar of the pious and sainted king. On the south side of the shrine lies the body of his Queen Editha, who was "commended for her beauty, learning, prudent economy, gentle manners, and inimitable skill in needle-work, having wrought with her own hands the king's state robes." Near this lies Matilda, wife of Henry I; died May 1, 1118. On the north side is the ancient and splendid tomb of Henry III, who rebuilt the Abbey; he was buried here in 1272. The workmanship is admirable: the panels are polished porphyry, bordered by mosaic work of gold and scarlet. His full-length figure is of gilt brass. The chantry or little chapel of the distinguished Henry V comes next. It is extremely magnificent. As the Prince of Wales, he was wild and ungovernable, and has formed, with Falstaff and others, the staple of one or two of Shakespeare's plays; but as king, he played the man, gained the battle of Agincourt, conquered all the north of France, and died at the early age of thirty-four, in Vincennes, near Paris. With great solemnity his body was brought here and interred. His saddle, helmet, and shield, said to have been worn by him at Agincourt, are in the chantry above the tomb.

The next is another Gothic tomb erected over Edward III's Queen Philippa. Her name will be forever embalmed in the hearts of the good for her success in saving from the wrath of her husband the miserable citizens of Calais, when that

city capitulated. She was interred in 1369. Richard II and his Queen have tombs close by. The canopy of wood is remarkable for a curious painting on which the image of the blessed Virgin and the infant Savior are still visible. The tomb of the great Edward I is also here. It is plain and rough built of five slabs of marble, and has an air of savage grandeur when compared with the more elaborate ones about it. He was buried here in 1307. His tomb was opened in 1774 at the request of the Society of Antiquarians. After the long interval of nearly five hundred years, "his body was found perfect, having on two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, the other of crimson velvet; a scepter in each hand five feet long; a crown on his head and many jewels; he measured six feet two inches." Edward III's tomb occupies the space between two pillars. It is in Gothic style and very elaborate. His full-length figure reposes on the upper slab.

Standing beside the Confessor's tomb is another object of extraordinary interest, being nothing less than the Coronation chair in which every reigning sovereign has been crowned, from Edward I down to Queen Victoria, a period of almost six hundred years; he was crowned in 1273. As ancient as is this chair, it is as nothing compared with the celebrated crowning stone placed beneath its seat, on which all the kings of Scotland had been crowned from the year 330. It was captured by Edward I, at Scone, in 1296, and brought by him to London and placed in the Abbey. It is rough-looking sandstone twenty-six inches long, seventeen wide, and ten thick. Its legendary antiquity is enormous; for it is said to be the stone on which Jacob laid his head in the desert; that was afterward in possession of the king of Athens, who sent it to Spain, thence it was carried to Ireland, and was transported to Scotland by Fergus, the first king of that country. However this all may be, it is certainly of great antiquity, and by carrying it off Edward inflicted the greatest outrage possible on the feelings and hopes of the Scotch; for to it they by superstitious reverence attached all their ideas of national independence. It is said formerly to have borne a Latin inscription, which, rendered in verse, said:

" Except old saws do fail,
And wizard wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where'er this stone they find."

Every effort was made by treaty and otherwise to recover it, and finally out of their despair grew a hope that a Scot must be king wherever the stone was retained; which was at last verified by James I seating himself on the old stone of

Scone and being crowned king of England. One may long pause here and contemplate this the oaken chair of state—how many and how varied in character, the sovereigns who have received in that chair the ensigns of English royalty; the Edwards, the Richards, the Henrys, the masculine-minded Elizabeth, the bigoted Mary, the effeminate James, the profligate Charles, William and Mary, the Georges, and last, Victoria. There it stands and has stood for centuries, guarded, as it were, by the dead monarchs who surround it.

HENRY VII'S CHAPEL.

Lastly, we come to this gorgeous royal mausoleum. It is entered from the apsis by steps of gray marble under a stately portico. Henry built it for his own tomb and those who should follow him in the royal line, and nearly all the sovereigns subsequently are here interred down to George III, who built a vault for himself and successors at Windsor. It was completed about the year 1500. Its length is 104 feet, breadth 70 feet, and height 61 feet. Like a cathedral, it has its nave and side aisles, and its high altar, at which Henry VII intended to have perpetual masses chanted for the repose of his soul.

A solemn twilight fills the apsis, whence we pass through the elaborate gates of brass into what seems suddenly to become a blaze of light and decoration. Only an architect, with poetic powers of description, can convey any idea of the rapturous pleasure which at first fills a beholder, into such a mass of exquisite forms is the stony pile wrought. The very genius of the Gothic art must have possessed the soul of the great, but unknown, architect. The walls, the arches, the roof all of stone, but so elaborately chiseled, so poised in their positions, that it seems, in the words of Irving, to be like fairy tracery or cobweb work. Arch springs above arch, supporting the solid stone roof of groined arches, and pendants dropping like joiner work from above—the stone seeming to have lost its property of gravity. That ceiling of stone is a marvel; you can not believe your eyes; you resist the assertions of the guide. Solid stone! but O, what tracery, what fret-work! with such wonderful ornate minuteness and airy grace is it achieved! Though tons in weight, you no more fear to walk beneath it than if it were an Alengou lace awning. You wonder that the light does not break through it; it surely is transparent. The picture is before me now, that vista of springing arches, gorgeously-wrought pendants, and mullioned windows. I shall never see its like again. It was truly a magnificent conception, and only a great mind could have so liberally endowed not only the art

of his own, but that of all ages. It is not only a triumph of architectural grandeur, to-day unsurpassed, unequalled, but will remain so forever; the limits of the art were touched. Moreover, there are full-length statues of patriarchs, saints, martyrs, confessors, and angels, with statues and statuettes, numbering, formerly, it is said, 3,000, besides cherubs and animal figures, with which every recess, projection, and arch seems alive.

The chapel is filled with royal tombs of surpassing workmanship. The most gorgeous and ornate of all is that of its founder, Henry VII. He left the most minute details and large treasure for its erection. His effigy and his queen's lie at full length, side by side, on a slab of black marble. The likenesses are perfect.

There are also buried here, in the nave, Edward VI, George II, and Queen Caroline, besides several distinguished nobles. In this department formerly all the knights of the Order of the Bath were installed with great ceremony. In their stalls are placed brass plates of their arms, while over them hang their banners, swords, and helmets.

In the north aisle is the lofty and magnificent monument of Queen Elizabeth erected by James I. Queen Mary, Bloody Mary, whose reign preceded Elizabeth's, is buried near at hand. At the end of the passage is a vault containing the remains of James I and his queen. In close proximity are the tombs reared by Charles II over the princes murdered by order of Richard III, in the Tower. Charles II is also buried here, and so was Cromwell in immense pomp; and his tomb and effigy vied with any for magnificence; but as is well known his sepulcher was broken open by order of Charles II, and his moldering remains dragged on a common hurdle to Tyburn, where they were hung till sunset, then cut down, beheaded, and his head placed on a pike on Westminster Hall. The precise place of his sepulture in the chapel is not now known. The haughty king would not suffer his father's destroyer to sleep in the royal mausoleum.

Addison was buried in this aisle, and a marble slab with an appropriate inscription marks the spot. It begins:

"Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest," etc.

The south aisle is distinguished by the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots, erected by her son, James I. Her melancholy history is well known. Her remains were brought here from their original burial-place, after her execution, and now are placed opposite her great rival, and cruel, relentless murderer, Elizabeth. Strange juxtaposition!

In the vault with the body of Charles II are also resting those of William III and Mary and Queen Anne.

The subject is incompletely treated; but I must leave it. Not one visit, but many are necessary to obtain a complete realization of the sentiment of the place, which is at once sublime, religious, and poetical. History is proven before your eyes; the Edwards, the Elizabeths, the Mary Queen of Scots, are by your side; there they lie, many of them so embalmed as to be in excellent preservation. It seems to be a direct union of the remote and shadowy past with the wonderfully active present, thus to walk among these ancient tombs. My feeling, when I visited London, as I suppose is that of nearly all, was first of all to go to Westminster Abbey.

TO A ROBIN SINGING IN THE RAIN.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O, ROBIN, singing through the rain,
How rapturous seems thy sweet refrain,
The tempest trying all in vain
To cheat thee of thy song!
What cheerfulness by pain unspent,
What gladness born of calm content,
Unto thy strain belong!
Bright bird, whose glad-returning wing
Is herald of the blessed Spring,
'T is meet thou should'st not only sing
Beneath unclouded skies:
The usher of so much of cheer,
'T is well that thou should'st know no fear
When clouds and storms arise.
For not alone, when, from the west,
The light airs lull the leaves to rest,
But when the rude winds rock thy nest,
Thy happy voice is heard:
When brightness brims the summer blooms,
And when the meads are gray with glooms,
Thou sing'st as well, rare bird.
Let sinking hearts, taught by thy strain,
Learn, too, to triumph over pain,
And, like thee singing in the rain
A song of hope and cheer,
Bear through all dark and dreary days,
Over all rough and dangerous ways,
The trust that knows no fear.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY MARION A. BIGELOW.

HEAR a little child appealing,
Heavenly Father, to thy throne,
See me at thine altar kneeling,
Hear each supplicating tone.
Thou hast blessed me, heavenly Father,
And I thank thee for thy grace:
When in heaven thy people gather,
Grant me there some humble place.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

A PAPER FOR THE LADIES.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"MIND your own business," is one of those good old precepts, which, though often repeated and sometimes energetically applied to our friends by way of advice, has never yet been generally obeyed or respected. It is one of the earliest lessons given to the infant mind; not with a desire to prevent the growth of a disposition to meddle in other people's affairs, but as a defensive weapon, to prevent foreign intervention in our own. The spirit of benevolent inquiry into the doings and interests of others would often lie dormant for years, perhaps for life, were it not for the watchful care and culture of parents and friends. Many an estimable mother would indignantly deny that her children had received the least home instruction in this department of human knowledge, while it may be that her talent as a teacher has for years excited the wonder and admiration of her neighbors. The reticence in regard to ourselves, our families and private interests, that most of us exhibit, is due to the same early teaching. And it is truly astonishing how early we begin to show that, while we consider no barrier too great to surmount in the pursuit of knowledge in regard to our neighbors, the manifestation of the same trait in them is so offensive to us that we think they had better "mind their own business." Some writer has remarked that there is a difference between skinning and being skinned. Very few people enjoy the latter interesting process.

To illustrate the manner in which the young mind is often trained and its powers of observation developed, we will take Mrs. Goggle's method and examine it. She has just seen a carriage drive away from the opposite house on her street.

"I wonder if Mrs. Optic has got company!" is her first thought. "If she has, I guess she won't be delighted, for she has a large ironing to do. I saw her sprinkle and fold the clothes last evening after her room was lighted. I watched her starching Optic's shirts till I was tired out. I wonder how many he wears in a week. I do n't think they have baked since Saturday, and unless she keeps cake in the house, or has pies on hand, I do n't see how she will manage. Roxalina Jemima, come here, darling. Have you seen any company come to Mrs. Optic's?"

The child is busy with her play, but she answers, "No, mamma."

"Well, dear, put Dolly down. She's sleepy now. Put on your sun-bonnet and run over and borrow Mrs. Optic's new sleeve-pattern. And see who is there."

In a few moments the child returns. The pattern is thrown carelessly down; *that* is not the point in question evidently.

"Well, child," says the mother, "who is there?"

"Old Mrs. Lupin and two other ladies, and a little boy."

"Do n't you know who the others are?"

No, the child never saw them before, and besides she wants to get back to her play. "I would n't wake Dolly yet," says the mother coaxingly. "Tell me how the ladies looked. Were they old folks?"

The child considers all persons old who have attained their growth, so she answers, "Yes."

"What did they have on? Silk dresses, all shining and pretty, or such gowns as this calico that I am making into a frock for you?"

"I do n't know, mamma. Where is Dolly's cloak?"

"Let the doll alone till you have answered my questions. What did Mrs. Optic say to you?"

"She asked if you had got a new dress."

"Well, I hope you did n't tell her."

"No. I told her you wanted to get a new silk, but was n't rich enough."

"Why, Jemima! What made you tell her that?"

The child's face looks puzzled as if she did not see the end of all this catechising, but she answers, "Because she asked me."

"Well," responds the excited mother, "I do wish folks would 'mind their own business.'"

"That's just what Mrs. Optic said when I told her you was afraid she was n't ready for company."

The mother is roused now. "You good-for-nothing girl!" she says angrily, "did n't you know any better than to tattle? If I hear of you telling any thing out of the house again I'll punish you."

So the child has got its lesson, and though a little puzzled and mystified now, never fear but that in later years she will do credit to the home teaching. But the lady is not alone in her benevolent anxiety concerning her neighbors. I grieve to confess that man's ingenuity is not equal to eliciting the required particulars, but Mr. Goggles does not fail to ask, as he carves the roast at dinner, "My dear, do you know who is visiting at Optic's?"

He enjoys the gossip, dear, good man, as well as any body when it has been sorted over, condensed, and methodically arranged; but the idea of getting up the dish himself has never occurred to him. Indeed, he has been heard at the club and Lyceum to inveigh stoutly against the delicate hands and feminine skill that have

adjusted the telescope through which he enjoys his daily treat of inspecting the affairs of his neighbors.

There are times, ladies, when we ignore the old precept from motives of kindness, though the persons we seek to benefit never give us credit for good intentions in regard to them. Children as well as grown people view with a suspicious squint all outsiders, and no language is too strong to express their opposition to all intermeddling of spectators in their plays and quarrels.

A year or two since I was walking along the sidewalk in a large village in the vicinity of Boston, when my attention was attracted by two children who were fighting. One was a boy of perhaps three summers, the other a girl a little older. Just before I reached them the boy was thrown violently down, and his still unsatisfied enemy, like a little fury as she was, began to kick and strike him till I feared she would murder him before any one could get to them. Of course I interfered, and by exerting all my strength held the girl firmly till the boy could get up. Well, the first use the child made of his recovered liberty was to hit me a stunning blow in the forehead with the hardest little fist that ever grew, while he yelled out in a transport of rage in his imperfect childish language, "You mind your own business." I thought I would. The little fellow's knowledge was very limited, but he knew how to apply the universal precept.

I remember another case in point. I had some errand in a milliner's shop. The milliner was an acquaintance of mine, and I had often profited by her taste and skill, always supposing, of course, that the genius she displayed was her own. On this particular morning she hurried me into the back shop to look at a hat which, in its form and finish, was really a miracle of beauty and art. I was at a loss how to express my admiration, for, as all ladies know, our highest-sounding adjectives, such as magnificent, gorgeous, splendid, glorious, are used nowadays to describe commonplace things. So I was mute, perforce, but she was satisfied with the way I looked my appreciation.

"I planned that trimming in Church yesterday," she said. This was in confidence, and I hope no one will mention it. "You can't think," she went on, "how I puzzled over it all last week. I thought sometimes I should go crazy. I had the subject on my mind night and day, and Saturday I had nearly concluded to give it up. I was quite discouraged. But yesterday, just about the middle of the sermon—and Dr. Wakeum does preach such charming sermons—it came to me like an inspiration. I saw it all as clear as a sunbeam, from the bend of that marabout to

the twist of that spray of buds in the front. I suppose," she added, laughing, "that Satan helped me."

"One would hardly expect an inspiration from above on such a subject, especially in Church," was my reply.

She laughed again as she remarked that one would hardly give his Satanic majesty credit for possessing such exquisite taste.

I was a little shocked at the idea of having my bonnets designed down below, but I answered readily, "Well, my dear Miss Lutestring, you know that a 'friend in need is a friend indeed.' "

She was angry in a moment. I was quite confused by the sudden change in her mood and nearly deafened by the storm of abuse that she poured upon me.

To think, she said, of my calling her a friend of the old adversary, the father of lies, to say nothing of his being the devil himself.

I was too bewildered to venture on any connected reply, so I took refuge in propounding another venerable adage, "Speak well of a bridge that carries you safely over."

"You're only adding insult to injury," said she, not in the least mollified by proverb number two.

"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," said I, still quite confounded and striving to set the matter right. "'Credit to whom credit is due,' you know, my dear. 'Let every tub stand on its own bottom.' Do n't you understand?" said I, all in earnest to get off a suitable apology, but still being tripped up by the wise old sayings, "Do n't you see? 'Give the devil his due.' That's all."

"There is no use in talking," said she, as she opened the door for me to walk out, "there's no use in talking to folks that do n't know enough to 'mind their own business.' "

There is something that often sounds a little uncourteous in this precept, "mind your own business." It do n't fall pleasantly upon the ear. It grates a little. It sounds very much like an invitation to shut ourselves up in a box and put the cover on. What would become of the amenities of social life if it were put in force? How could I take an inventory—not of Mrs. Trimble's mental endowments—but of her plate and china, her wardrobe and jewelry, and so estimate her position in society! It seems to me that a "mutual admiration society," for example, could hardly maintain an existence if the spirit and letter of the good old rule should be carried out. Every body knows that there is but one article in the constitution of a mutual admiration society. It reads thus: "You tickle me, and I'll tickle you."

Now, suppose some member of the society has been prevented, by sickness or other providential causes, from receiving the amount of adulation, or, more properly, soft soap, to which he is entitled, and which he finds necessary to maintain his equilibrium. To secure a supply, he calls on some brother beloved, and gives him a gentle hint in regard to the solitary article of their creed. The person applied to all at once remembers the old adage which is our theme, and responds abruptly, "Tickle yourself! Mind your own business!"

Do n't you see that the foundations of the venerable society would soon crumble away under the application of this principle?

There is one day in the week when it should be comparatively easy for every body to "mind their own business." The Sabbath is a day of rest, and should be especially free from our weekday gossip. I knew a lady who was quite unhappy during the week, because her neighbor's andirons "stood so," because the stripes in cousin Clara's dress did not match, and because the plates on the dinner-table were sometimes laid a trifle too far north or south; but the Sabbath brought rest even to her.

Our business in Church is to worship God, and if in this respect we do not choose to "mind our own business," we should at least permit others to do so. There are many persons who attend Church regularly who seem to have no idea of any worship except self-worship. The sacred service is but an idle tale, and week after week passes by without a single idea of the divine truths to which they listen finding its way to their understanding. The pastor looks over his flock as the sermon he has so laboriously prepared floats away on the idle breeze; he sees the habitual sleeper, who is any thing but a beauty; he notes the whisper and those who mistake the Church for a reading-room; he sees the smiles and careless glances that are exchanged in the face of his most solemn appeals; he hears the flutter of leaves as the music-books in the orchestra are turned over, and sometimes he is treated to a snatch of a familiar tune devoutly whistled by some lover of melody. And he thinks of the business in hand, which is every body's business in truth, and in his anxiety for the good of souls he longs to see folks minding their own business.

It is amusing to notice in general society how every body's business gets a helping push from some friendly hand. Good taste and the common aversion to egotism prevent the introduction of our own affairs as subjects of conversation, and there are no others of general interest except the affairs of others.

The tongue is too exquisite a piece of mechanism to be allowed inaction, and it has been demonstrated that the more it is used the faster and smoother it will run. The question is how to secure this constant running power if we only mind our own business.

If we should sit down together for an evening and enter into a learned discussion of science and art, or, falling lower, entertain each other with that most tiresome and silly of all worn-out subjects, the political doings and sayings of gentlemen of the masculine gender, we should only secure weariness both of the flesh and spirit. A majority of our company would be wholly indifferent to scientific researches, and the more ologies we introduced the deeper and more lasting would be the disgust experienced.

In miscellaneous literature we could do no better, for many have no taste for books, and many more have no time to gratify such a taste if it exists. Gentlemen have the advantage of us in this respect. With the pipe and the cud they neutralize the morbid activity of their minds, and their thoughts do not effervesce and run off like the unchecked fancies of their more delicate companions. We reverence the pipe, of course; we bow with humility before the cud—and dodge its results—but I think we never fully appreciate either, except when the floors, and mats, and fenders, and spittoons need cleansing. Well, ladies, being without the power or not understanding the process of sending nutriment to the brain in a cloud of smoke, and being destitute of the faculty of imparting instruction in showers of saliva, being by circumstances debarred from conversation on science, art, and political vacuity, what remains for us to do? Why, to "mind our own business."

This brings us to the only point we care to prove, namely, that our neighbors' doings are in one sense a part of our business. If we wish to procure butter, cheese, and milk for family consumption, have n't we a right to know whether those articles are neatly prepared, or whether by using them we shall run the risk of getting more than the peck of dust which has been allotted to each representative of the human family? If we wish to engage a person to furnish meat for our table, have n't we a right to ascertain whether he has an unconquerable propensity to contract for deformed and antediluvian cattle? We do n't want to patronize a grocer who sends us adulterated flour, or who obliges us to study cookery books till our heads and hearts ache in search of some recipe that requires a cup of straw and sand instead of sugar. We do n't want to employ a carpenter who unintentionally arranges a supply of water for every room in the house.

whenever there is a shower. We do n't want to take bad bills on a worse bank from any one. We are careful in choosing a physician to ascertain whether he has good principles and a conscience before we trust our lives to his medical skill. I knew a doctor in Massachusetts who owed the best part of his practice to his constant attendance at Church on the Sabbath. You would not trust your children in the school of an infidel teacher or in the society of dissolute companions. And so far as we have mutual interests and a common dependence on each other, so far there seems to be a necessity laid upon us to mind each other's business. And in so doing we can scarcely be said to violate the spirit of the good old precept.

Curiosity is a trait of character common to all. I know that it has been so often asserted by the lords of creation that this trait is peculiar to our sex, that some few benighted souls have come to believe it; but show me the man whose ears do not stand up straight when any thing new is to be heard. Why, we all know that that great satisfier of human curiosity, the newspaper, was for years nearly monopolized by the men, and it is more than likely now that nine out of every ten ladies never get the first reading of it.

Show me the man who, on meeting a friend from another neighborhood, does not ask as soon as possible, "Any thing new in your place?"

I should like to see a farmer who has no curiosity in regard to his neighbor's crops; who never wonders how much Farmer Thrifty's hogs will weigh; who never calculates the exact worth of neighbor Bright's meadow lot, and how much it would cost to drain it properly; who does n't guess the amount of butter and cheese that some body's cows are good for; who does n't know sooner than the owner if a horse is unsound or the sheep poisoned by laurel. I should like to see a doctor, or clergyman, or lawyer, who is not curious to know what success his professional brethren meet with, and what methods they take to insure success. More men than women become disgusted with home and their own business, and roam the wide world over in search of novelty. It is not a circle of women that gathers nightly about the counter of the village store to compare notes and exchange gossip. More men than women go to see a hanging. In the garden of Eden the poor woman was beguiled into tasting the forbidden fruit, and no doubt thought she was acting for the public good; but Adam was not deceived and could have had no motive but sheer curiosity. I think we can safely give our brothers credit for possessing as inquiring minds as ourselves.

Yet, in one respect, truth obliges me to confess

that we excel them. We have an ability which they do not possess of pushing our investigations into the affairs of others to a happy result. A capacity for detail seems to have been especially granted to our sex. The faculty of combination is ours too. What a big piece of patch-work we can make when we try from almost invisible shreds of gossip! We fit a bit here and a trifle there; we arrange the lights and shadows with artistic taste, and the work grows in our hands, increasing in symmetry and probability till we find the ingenious fabric fit to exhibit to the world. It towers like the image of Nebuchadnezzar, and *men* delighted fall down and worship it.

A lady friend of mine, a pastor's wife down east, resides in a parish where the female parishioners possess this talent in a remarkable degree. The talent for meddling would seem to have been born in them, and besides keeping up a careful supervision of near neighbors and friends, they have this, which cometh upon them daily—"the care of all the Churches." My friend writes to me on this wise: "You will be more than ever convinced that your poor Annie is no ordinary woman when I tell you that it takes a whole parish of female overseers to keep her in order. I have succeeded by strenuous efforts in buying and making up a whole apron without supervision and without the fact being known. You know how anxious I am to fill my position properly, and to embrace every opportunity to let my light shine. I never forget that I am the pastor's wife, and bound to be a helpmeet for him in every possible manner. Well, it so happens that we have no regular singing in Church because of the illness of our only male singer. I have not been very regularly to Church because the uncushioned seats are so very uncomfortable, but I could not but pity my poor husband, who was obliged to go through the entire service without resting a moment. So last Sunday I took a pillow with me for a cushion, and went with him, resolved—though my voice never was called musical—to pitch the tunes and give him a chance to breathe. I told him of my intention, but he only laughed as if it were a joke, and I think he was quite surprised when, as soon as he had read the hymn, I tuned up and sung like a blue-jay. Old Hundred was the tune I selected, and I sung it very slowly so as to give all an opportunity to join. If you will believe me no one attempted to utter a sound, and I had to sing the whole six verses alone. It took a great while, but my husband shortened his sermon and omitted his other hymns, so it did n't matter.

"The next day a committee of ladies called on

me, not as you would suppose, to thank me for my exertions on the Sabbath, but to hold an indignation meeting and hear me say my catechism. They were exceedingly mortified, they said, to see their minister's wife walking into Church with a pillow under her arm. Did I know that lawyer Weston's family were present? To prevent a recurrence of that offense they had just been to the upholsterer's to order a cushion for the pew.

"I told them I was not surprised at that; it was just the result I had expected.

"'But your singing, madam,' they continued, 'we are at a loss how to express our feelings in regard to it. What do you suppose lawyer Weston thought?'

"'O, I expect,' I answered carelessly, 'I expect he thought it was Jenny Lind.'

"Here I heard a very suspicious chuckle from my husband's study, the door of which room was slightly ajar.

"'Another thing, madam. You were seen this morning coming up the principal street with a great bundle under one arm and a covered bowl in your hands. We do n't know what you had in the bowl, of course.'

"'Do n't you? Well, when you find out suppose you just write and let me know.' I began to feel a little riled.

"They continued: 'We were afraid you would not hear us patiently, but felt it a duty to speak to you, nevertheless. A number of us have been talking the matter over, and we came to the conclusion that as your dress is in some respects not just what we approve for our minister's wife, and the idea of your doing your own marketing, or bringing such bundles from the store, is not to be thought of, we would appoint a committee to look over your closets and drawers and see what is needed.'

"I need not tell you that my spunk was up now. A second chuckle from the study, stifled though it was, did n't help me, and I replied quite as warmly as was necessary, 'When I need any advice in regard to my dress my husband will announce it from the pulpit. Till then I'd thank you to mind your own business. And let me catch you at my closets and drawers overhauling and counting my night-caps, and I'll have you arrested for burglary as sure as I live.'

"I think they did not know what to say next. At any rate, as Byron says of the old adversary when Southey proposed to write his biography, 'Satan bowed and was silent.'

A little independence in regard to our own business would not come amiss in most cases. What if my next neighbor at the table does consider it ungentle to cool her tea in her saucer,

is that any reason why I should scald my mouth, or suffer thirst till the liquid cools in my cup? Because custom and folly have given their sanction to the practice of shutting the wholesome light of day out of our dwellings, must I spoil my eyes and temper, and treat my family to a dish of low spirits just to maintain a fashionable twilight? Suppose the furniture does need dusting a little oftener when we have light to observe its condition; still it is a blessed thing for the eyes to behold the sun!

I have seen a young lady made perfectly unhappy because a dress in which she had previously delighted was pronounced nearly a quarter of an inch longer-waisted than the prescribed fashion. Who can paint the untold agony of many a young gent in the days when broad plaids were in vogue for pants, because he was not big enough to imitate more than a single-sashed window!

It would be a happy thing if we could resolve never to be annoyed by what is none of our business. Suppose a poor man does spend his last cent for a Christmas turkey; if he has paid for it he has a right to eat it. It may look foolish and improvident, but it is none of our business, unless he owes us money. Suppose that the spanks fall on some neighbor's mischievous child till a lecturer might mistake the vibrating sounds for a tempest of applause, it is none of our business. Very likely the child deserved it. If he did n't, he will very soon. Suppose that rosy Miss Janet should take it into her head that broad stripes around the skirt of her dress must be worn whenever they are fashionable, even though they make her short, plump figure more dumpy than ever, is it any of our business? Has n't a lady a right to make a fresh complexion perfectly flaming, if she chooses to do so, by surrounding her face with fire-colored ribbons and roses? If a gentleman, in defiance of good taste and Scripture, assiduously digs about, prunes and cultivates his hair and beard till their growth transforms him into a bugbear to frighten crows with, is it any body's business? Or if a fair girl chooses to sacrifice to some silly caprice the beautiful, luxuriant locks which are a glory to her, and then, by her ingenuity in brushing up the blunt stumps that remain, succeeds in assuming a wide-awake, scared, owlish appearance, is it any body's business? What is it to me if little Miss Clarice sports a sunshade in December, and wears furs in July? I remember seeing, several years ago, in one of those deep valleys among the Alleghanies, quite shut out from any view of the outer world, a large house with a spacious observatory on the top of it. From its situation, the observatory was a perfectly-useless

addition, for not a single house in any direction could be seen, and the overtopping hills almost buried it. But it was the builder's good pleasure to have an observatory, and it was none of my business.

We all have our own ways, habits of thought, and modes of expression. If we act ourselves we often walk directly across somebody's pet prejudices, and quite as frequently get our own corns stepped on. But many of us never act ourselves. Another's taste and whims choose and fashion our attire, and the strings are too tight here and the whalebone too stiff there, and we experience as much real discomfort as if we had crept into another person's skin. It is only after making ourselves thoroughly uncomfortable that we sit down to enjoy ourselves. There is a remedy for all these evils; it is a very simple one, and it is comprised in the good old precept, "Mind your own business."

THE MOUNTAIN TRIP.

BY REV. T. B. M'FALLS.

THE life of an itinerant is a most singular paradox. He is unknown, and yet well known; sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich. He gives himself wholly unto the service of the Church. He forsakes father and mother, kindred and friends, and home with all its endearing associations, to wander among strangers in a strange land; to endure the contumely of those who mock at religion and jeer at morality; to suffer wrong and abuse from false brethren; and often, to feel the pressure of want, which is most afflicting. He sacrifices his own wishes and preferences for the welfare of the Church; and at the close of one year he is unable to tell where he will live the next. Notwithstanding all this, we dare affirm, that no man is happier than he; no one enjoys life more.

He is preëminently a social, an affable, and a sympathetic man.

His conference is his home; his collaborators are his brethren; and he looks upon the sessions of the conference as the annual assembling together of the family for happy greetings. He looks forward to these meetings with the greatest pleasure; for at them

*"How many pleasant faces shed their light on every side,
Friends of happy reminiscence, although so transient
in their converse,
Liberal, cheerful, and sincere, a crowd of kindly
traits!"*

A year, with its cares and its joys, its troubles and its pleasures, had closed. The session of the

Baltimore conference was near at hand. And Washington City being on the route to Lewisburg, the seat of the conference, quite a large number of the preachers had collected there, to spend a few days in viewing and examining the various objects of interest it presented—the architectural magnificence of its buildings; its creditable productions of art and science, and its beautiful paintings and sculpture. Their attention being wholly engrossed with these things, the time passed away swiftly, as well as pleasantly. The hour of starting for conference had come. Early in the morning, before the sun had risen, might have been seen preachers, in different parts of the city, with carpet-bags, valises, etc., hurrying toward the steamboat. Soon they were moving down the beautiful Potomac. Every thing around wore an aspect of cheerfulness. The rising sun made the ruffled waters sparkle and glitter like the wavy clouds at closing day. All were happy. For what can be more reviving and soul-stirring than a morning ride upon the waters? Then and there nature is seen in all her loveliness!

The Tomb of Washington has rendered Potomac a classic name; and so long as its waters continue to flow, so long will the name of Washington be cherished and loved by his countrymen.

Alexandria is an old city, on the west bank of the Potomac, in Virginia, eight miles from the City of Washington. When the District of Columbia was formed Alexandria was included in it, but was afterward given back to Virginia. At this place we changed steamboat for the cars.

Permit me here to give some pencil notes of the company.

There in an end seat, by himself, is Bishop Baker, who is to preside over the conference for the first time. Dignity sits easy on his shoulders. There is no repulsiveness in his looks or in his manners. He has a mild, pleasing, and inviting face. If you speak to him once, you will want to speak to him again. A smile plays all over his countenance, and seems to say, "No cares disturb the peace within." In preaching, he makes no effort at display. His sermons are plain and forcible. The most illiterate may understand them. The most learned may be instructed by them.

Dr. Ryan is along. He looks so dignified that you would suppose no mirthful story ever proceeded from his mouth; but,

*"A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk with."*

Upon close inspection, you will observe he has a mischievous eye. His sense of the ludicrous is

fine. No man enjoys a good story more than he; and no one has a better fund of pleasing anecdotes. He can upset your gravity in spite of yourself, with his exceedingly odd western stories.

Dr. Nadal, though comparatively young, looks quite patriarchal with his long, gray beard. He has not a bushy head of hair by any means. Hard study, perhaps, has driven some of it off. He is exceedingly sociable. His face is the very picture of affability. In conversation, or in public speaking, he becomes very animated, his eyes flash and sparkle, and his tongue rolls out charming things. His sermons may be compared to a beautiful garden, which art has arranged by line and by square. No rough places are seen. There are beautiful clusters of grapes, pleasing combinations of flowers, blended with the useful and the profitable.

Dr. Lanahan is not unsociable; yet you have to be well acquainted with him to appreciate him. His piercing black eyes and heavy brow; his seeming coldness and stay-away-from-me appearance, make you, I will not say dislike him, but fear him. Yet no man is more ardent in his friendships. He has a heart that beats in unison with the pure and the noble. He hates littleness, and rises above fear. Integrity of character stands prominent among his excellences. His sermons may, in truth, be compared to the mighty chasm, which the raging waters have made, by breaking through the mountain—rough and craggy rocks lay piled one upon another, and you stand amazed with its grandeur.

Dr. Hamilton is an aged man, but his spirit masters his body, and makes it perform youthful labors. He stands erect. Indeed, he is like the Indian's tree, "So straight that he leans the other way." He is a real Methodist preacher in the full sense of the word; or, as the presiding elders say, in their stereotyped representations, "He is an active man, sir; a good preacher, sir; I move his character pass."

Dr. T. Sewall is one of the fine-looking men of the conference. His elocutionary powers are great. His voice is deep and melodious; his imagination vivid. His sermons may be likened to the mellifluous rivulet wending its way through the flower-spangled meadow, upon which we gaze with a delight bordering on ecstasy.

Dr. L. Morgan stands high in the estimation of all. He is a good thinker and an able preacher.

There were other prominent preachers in the company; but, having arrived at the terminus of the railroad, we had to forbear portrait painting.

We passed through a most beautiful portion of the "Old Dominion." Some of the farms were

in a state of good cultivation, though most of the land was evidently worked out, like the greater part of the eastern Virginia lands, with tobacco.

On the way we passed by Monticello, the seat of Thomas Jefferson. It stands on an exceedingly high hill. The view from it must be beautiful. But if a man had to walk up from the base two or three times a day, it would certainly shorten his life, or *give him the rheumatism in the knees!*

Charlottesville is two miles from Monticello. Here is the University of Virginia, which was established by the Legislature in 1817, and receives \$15,000 annually from the state. The buildings are spacious and elegant. The site occupies 200 acres, and the library consists of fifteen or twenty thousand volumes.

At Jackson's river stages took the place of cars—yes, stages! real old-fashioned stages! With nine in each stage, we commenced our journey across the Alleghany Mountains. Did you ever take a ride in one of those antiquated coaches? Just imagine nine mortal beings cooped up in one of those little boxes, with legs interlocked and shoulders compressed, and you will instinctively think of cramps and aching backbones!

"Jolted, thump'd, distracted—rock'd and quite forlorn,
'O,' cries one, 'what duties now are laid on corn!'
Mad, disgusted, angry, in a towering rage,
'T is the very mischief, riding in a stage!'"

We make use of no hyperbole when we say the "mud was up to the hub." Still onward was our watchword, and onward we went, at the rate of *two miles an hour*. Night soon overtook us. It was dark—pitch dark. The lamps on the long string of stages presented a singular appearance, moving along through the mountain ravines. Now and again we would pass fearful precipices; and the light flashing over them would give them a most hideous appearance, like some monsters with jaws extended wide to take in stage and all. One brother, who had never seen the mountains before, was so frightened, that, to use his own words, he "actually prayed!"

Presently we came to Jackson's river, or, rather, in sight of it, for between us and it was a fearful space; we were far above it. Our blood would rush through the veins with increased force, and our nerves tremble, whenever the stage made a sudden lurch in that direction. "Brother," said Dr. Ryan, addressing Sewall, who sat on the side next the river—"brother, have we left that awful river yet?" "Yes, Doctor," was the reply, "we have left it in the rear, to be a terror to those who follow after."

"Salvation! then we're safe!" uttered the Doc-

tor, after taking a long breath, which completely upset our gravity in spite of the real, or supposed, danger through which we had just passed.

The monotony of the ride was broken, at first, with pleasing stories, and cheerful singing; but this becoming irksome, we all, as by common consent, became silent as the night. In this manner we rode along till we were roused by the driver calling to us, "Gentlemen, you will have to get out and walk, for the horses are giving out." With eyes half open, we reluctantly crawled out; there never did any mud get such a trampling as that did, by so large a body of divinity!

As pedestrians, Dr. Hamilton was our leader. He having already walked eight or ten miles, through choice, it was reasonable to suppose that his eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the dark. We moved along slowly but securely for some time; but mishap will occur, and the best of men are liable to fall. Our leader accidentally fell into a mud-hole. His clothes looked more like *real estate* than *personal property*. It is said, that, before he arose out of the mud, he naïvely remarked, "This is very fine scenery, brethren; a sublime country." Imagine a man in such a condition admiring the grandeur of nature, and you have one of the finest illustrations of the triumph of mind over matter!

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

At night we could only see the dark outlines of the scenery around us, but day breaking in upon the darkness presented to us a mountain scenery which was quite beyond the bounds of description.

We stood upon the edge of a precipice, which was fearful, and made one dizzy to cast the eye so low. "The murmuring surge could not be heard so high."

"A rock let loose from the mountain
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounded;
At every shock the crackling wood resounded;
Still gathering force, it smoked; and urg'd amain,
Whirl'd, leap'd, and thunder'd down, impetuous, to
the plain."

Not a word was said for some minutes; every one seemed to be inspired with awe at the grandeur of the scene. The silence was broken only with short exclamations of surprise, of wonder, and of admiration. On either side, and behind us, rose the everlasting hills. Rough and craggy rocks hung upon their sides, which appeared to have such slight cohesion, that a mountain bird, perching on them for rest, could have sent them crashing to the base. High up on the

mountain to the right of us stood an old oak, which had been growing there for centuries, amid the rocks, solitary and alone. Its dangling limbs, scathed trunk, and dead top, told plainly that it had been riven with some fierce thunderbolt.

The crack of a distant hunter's gun echoing along the chasm beneath us, greatly heightened the effect of "those deep solitudes and awful cells."

We stood pensively contemplating this "woody theater," till the approach of the stages admonished us to travel on. No one could command language sufficiently elevated to express the emotions which the scene had produced in his mind. All seemed greatly refreshed by the pleasure it afforded them. So completely abstracted were we, that we forgot the fatigues of the journey.

After riding and walking alternately for seventeen hours, we all arrived in safety at Lewisburg, the seat of the conference. The citizens received us in true Virginia style. The members of all Churches opened their houses, and entertained us in a manner more frequently read of than enjoyed. All soon felt at home. Friends received long and glowing accounts of the fatigues and perils of the journey. One, who had never been in the mountains before, wrote to his wife in this wise:

"DEAR MARY,—Through a kind Providence I arrived in safety at this mountain city, after one of the most fearful and perilous rides I ever had in my life. The sight of some of the places we passed made my hair creep on my head. Never do I wish to take another trip like it. I voted for the conference to be held here, but I had no idea that the place was so inaccessible, and the road so dangerous. I was deceived by the representations of brother Phelps, who made such a fine speech in favor of holding it here—giving such a glowing description of the country, etc. As we came along over the mountains, I heard brethren speak of the magnificence of the country, but I confess to you that I have no taste for mountain scenery, especially when seeing it is attended with so much danger to life and limb. The mountains may do for preachers who can not sustain themselves in the low lands; but for me—well, the fact is, I'd locate ~~here~~ were appointed to one of these circuits. I don't mean that I would shrink from the hard work of the conference—for I can work as hard in or about Baltimore as any where else—I go in for giving *a man a place according to his talents*; and I am glad that this rule has obtained in our conference for many years back. You know I have always been kept in or near the city.

"I do not expect to enjoy myself at all, during

this session, from the apprehensions I have of traveling back over that most dangerous road. The people here treat me with the greatest kindness. They do every thing in their power to make me happy—but that road, I can't banish it from my mind. I have the most fearful forebodings. The people in this place are quite intelligent—more so than I expected to see. I hope, my dear wife, that no accident will befall me on the way.

"I am yours, affectionately, etc."

Lewisburg is a town of about twelve hundred inhabitants, situated on what is called the "Big Levels of Greenbrier county." The town is not laid out in regular blocks, like the towns of the eastern or western states; but it is all in a line along the turnpike. The following from Hudibras will have to answer for a description:

"In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good
When w' are, or are not understood."

The diversity and magnificence of the scenery around it is not easily surpassed. The valley is really beautiful. To stand on an eminence and look over it, you see large fields spreading out before you covered with long grass, over which lazily rove great droves of overgrown cattle. Looking beyond the valley, as far as your eye can survey, you see nothing but mountains, some of whose summits seem to tower to the very skies.

The night before our conference adjourned, we were visited with a terrific thunder-storm, which, to a philosopher, was truly grand.

"Clouds burst, skies flash'd, O, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pour'd the storm."

The continuous flashing of the lightning presented the storm-clouds frowning in terror upon the deluged earth. Peals of thunder, severely loud, were echoed back from the adjacent mountains, and rolled down the valley in sounds of sullen wrath.

"Low wav'd the rooted forest, vex'd, and shed
What of its tarnish'd honors yet remain'd;
Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs."

"Huge uproar lorded it wide. All nature reeled." It was the realization, in short, of Thomson's inimitable description of a thunder-storm.

After the appointments were read out the conference adjourned. Early in the morning there was a general bustle; stages rattling, whips crack-

ing, and trunks thumping. Soon all were ready, and we bid adieu to Lewisburg. The trip back was not so disagreeable, for the mud had dried up considerably. Nothing of any particular interest occurred on the homeward journey. It was certainly the most romantic and interesting trip the Baltimore conference ever made or enjoyed. No one will ever forget it. It will ever remain a pleasing episode in the life of every member who attended the session.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO MY FATHER-LAND.

PART III.

BY REV. JOSEPH HOLDICH, D. D.

KENILWORTH—GUY'S CLIFF.

WHO has not heard of Kenilworth Castle? And who that was within a few miles of it would not, if it were possible, pause to inspect the venerable ruin? So I resolved, in a journey from London, to spend one night on the way for this purpose, especially as I could also visit Warwick Castle. The train stopped at Rugby, celebrated for its school, with which the name of Dr. Arnold will ever be associated. For his sake I would gladly have visited the school, and have trodden the ground made sacred by his name. His learning, talents, piety, and his devotion to the best interests of humanity, invest his name with a brilliant halo, which created a strong attraction to the place. But the school is some distance from the station and not within sight, and the time did not allow me to visit it. Changing trains here for Warwick, we passed through Leamington, which has within a few years become one of the most fashionable watering-places in the kingdom. Only forty years ago it was an insignificant village, having only a little over 500 inhabitants; it now numbers a population of 16,000. Where once stood a few poor, shabby cottages, are now handsome residences, elegant squares, crescents, and terraces, with public edifices that render it one of the best-built towns in England. All this it owes, at least principally, to its mineral waters. Here are twelve springs, the which, like those of our Saratoga, differ from each other, but are highly medicinal. The waters are impregnated with sulphate of magnesia and soda, in combination with muriate of soda or common salt. But this neighborhood is likewise famous as a hunting-ground. Hence many of the leading Nimrods of the day have their sporting establishments here. Three packs of hounds are hunted regularly through the season. We confess to no sympathy with the sport of tormenting dumb beasts and running horses to death. Yet it must be admitted that it is by these

and other athletic pastimes, that the English nobility and gentry maintain such vigorous constitutions and usually attain to such longevity. But we are pausing too long by the way.

"Conductor, can you recommend me to a good hotel in Warwick?" "Your honor will find the Warwick Arms the most comfortable. Strangers usually put up there." "Very well; then, cabman, drive me to the Warwick Arms." Here I find not a large or showy building, and no outside promise of very superior accommodations. Yet on entering every thing is the picture of neatness, and as handsome as you wish. I am shown into a clean and comfortable chamber, with water and towels in abundance, and the bed linen beautifully white and clean. What a pity that in our country hotel proprietors do not consider that travelers care less for splendor than for comfort! We could easily dispense with costly mirrors, gaudy curtains, luxurious sofas and ottomans, if we could always have good bread, sweet butter, wholesome cooking, and clean bedding. Go where you will in England, you are sure to find these. Even in an obscure country village, you will find neatness, comfort, and respectful attendance. At least so I always found it.

After taking some refreshment I called the waiter. "Can you furnish me with a cab for Kenilworth?" "Yes, sir; it will be at the door in half an hour." "Very good, and what is the price?" "Nine shillings." Not high, I thought, as the distance is four or five miles, and I expected to be gone all the afternoon.

We have another specimen of the rural beauty of England. It has not the wild magnificence of our forests, the majesty of our rivers, the loftiness of our mountains. Here all was gentleness, sweetness, the beauty of cultivation and refinement. The hand of art had touched every thing with its wand and all the scenery smiled around you. The road was as level as a floor; men were trimming the grassy borders along the highway as in a gentleman's garden. They were breaking the stones to mend the road till each piece would pass through a two-inch ring. There they sat on a pile of rock, hammering away with the stone between their fingers as if they were cracking nuts. We will not pause to speculate on the value set on human labor when precious time is spent in such small pursuits. In our country we should find a more profitable use to make of it. But the sculptor will tell you that the last touches given to the marble bring out all the beauty of the statue. Though the knocking off of the large lumps at the beginning of his work is important and indispensable, yet it is only as preparatory to the finer work by which the plastic skill of the artist completes his task. It is so in the im-

provement of a country. We in America are hewing off the first blocks, and putting the rough material in shape. It will be long yet before we come to the exquisite finish of the English rural landscape.

"But I tire of a finished country. I love to see nature in its grand, though rude outlines." Very good; it is well there are diversities of taste. Some like the block in its natural roughness; some are satisfied with the statue in its incipient formation; others again admire it only in its completion. This diversity leads to the better performance of the different functions of human art. But at this slow rate we shall be long in reaching Kenilworth.

Suddenly the driver pauses, and with a touch of his hat—he always touches his hat before he addresses you—asks you to look to the right. Putting your head out of the carriage, you cast your eyes up a vista between noble rows of elms, forming the perfect prototype of gothic arches like the famous Elm Avenue at New Haven. At the terminus of this avenue is a most picturesque and romantic-looking mansion. This delightful retreat is called Guy's Cliff. It was built by Samuel Greathead, Esq., and is of but recent construction; but is now owned and occupied by one of the Percy family related to the Duke of Northumberland, as a summer residence. The family being there and visitors not admitted, I did not essay a closer inspection, of which, however, it is said to be richly worthy, both for its beautiful exterior and surroundings, and its interior embellishments. It is said to contain some very superior paintings.

But that which gave the greatest interest to me are the associations connected with it. It is said to be built on the very spot to which the hero of romance, Guy, Earl of Warwick, retired after his famous feats of prowess, on becoming disgusted with the world, to spend the rest of his days in religious seclusion. The legend says that even his devoted wife Felicia, or Phillis, knew not the place of his retirement, though but a mile or so from his own castle, and often dealt out her charity to him as a mendicant palmer.

"At length to Warwick I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not known,
And there I liv'd a hermit life,
A mile or so out of the towne;

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rock of stone,
And liv'd like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone;

And daily came to begg my bred
Of Philis att my castle gate;
Not known unto my lovèd wiffe,
Who daily mournèd for her mate."

The old ballad goes on to tell how she was finally undeceived in his last moments, how she closed his dying eyes, and after surviving him but a few years was finally buried in his grave. But it does not explain, the whole being related in the first person singular, how a dead man could relate his own story, describe his own death, and the subsequent death and burial of his good wife. Nor does it condescend to reconcile the many and glaring inconsistencies of the legend. However, that there really was such a person as Guy of Warwick does not admit dispute, and if he did only half of what is attributed to him he deserves a place among the heroes of romance. Tradition has given this as the spot of his hermitage, and to this is owing the not inappropriate nor ill-sounding designation of Guy's Cliff House.

You can hardly pass a spot in England that is not marked by some historical association, or some striking natural or artificial beauty. You have passed but a mile or two beyond Guy's Cliff when your attention is attracted by something like a monument on a wooded eminence to your left at some distance from the road. On inquiring of your coachman you are informed that it was erected to the memory of Piers Gavaston. The reader will remember him, as the vain, aspiring, yet accomplished and fascinating favorite of the weak Edward the Second. You are told that he was executed on that spot—which is but an evidence of the unreliableness of popular stories. The true history is that the barons, disgusted with the ascendancy which the minion had acquired over the weak-minded king, seized his person and caused him to be beheaded in Warwick Castle. The present monument was erected by Mr. Greathead, not out of respect to him, but as a warning to mankind, and to commemorate the end of a vicious and profligate career, "in life as in death a striking instance of misrule." A mile or two more brings you to Kenilworth.

My coachman was very communicative, as well as profoundly respectful. I plied him plentifully with questions, to all of which he gave cheerful answers. Sometimes he volunteered a communication. "Your honor will find plenty of people at the Castle selling descriptions. I advise you to buy of a lame old man you will see there. He is deserving and sells a good article." On alighting up came several women with little books to sell. "Won't your honor buy? I know you will. Americans always does." "Americans? How do you know that I am from America?" "O, I knew as soon as I looked at your honor. Americans is the best sort: they always buys." Notwithstanding the blarney, I followed my coachman's advice and bought of the worthy old cripple, for which he told me the women gave

him a "rowing up" as soon as my back was turned. But now to the Castle.

The approach is to what used to be the porter's lodge, now converted into a farm-house, heavy, massive, and comfortless. Passing through the court-yard and past what was formerly the garden—or *pleasance*—you find yourself in front of the venerable ruin. It is not one continuous pile, but detached portions standing separately at considerable distances, three or four stories high, and in different states of preservation. In some portions the stairs remain, by which you ascend to the floor above; but every-where the roof is gone, the windows are out, and the bare walls look naked and forlorn. The portions of the Castle still remaining are known as the Gate House, already spoken of, Caesar's Tower, the Kitchen, the Strong Tower, the Great Hall, the White Hall, the Presence Chamber and Privy Chambers, and several others. Several of these are united in the same mass of building, others stand apart. Originally all formed one stupendous whole, covering, with the *pleasance*, which was within the walls, seven acres of ground. As you wander around and through these massive and imposing ivy-covered ruins, clamber over the walls, ascend the stairs all of solid stone, or descend into the cave-like cellars, or stumble in the dark passages, your thoughts spontaneously go back to other days, especially to those when Queen Bess received the princely hospitality of her favorite Leicester. The principal features of this royal fête are described in Scott's novel of Kenilworth, who, as well as Miss Aikin in her Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, has faithfully copied from the original annalist, Llanham. The exercises and sports lasted seventeen days, and are said to have cost the noble owner not less than £1,000 per day, amounting altogether to £17,000; an enormous sum for that period, when money went thrice as far as in our times. You can not doubt, as you look around, that here was space enough to accommodate a company, including royalty and nobility, attendants of various orders and degrees, with mummers, buffoons, mountebanks, musicians, etc., that might easily demand such an expenditure, when the whole season was given up to pleasure, and when the most gorgeous and expensive entertainments and amusements filled up nearly the entire period. Take as illustrations: The Great Hall was a room measuring ninety feet long by forty-five feet broad; the White Hall was fifty feet long by twenty-five feet wide. Of such royal magnitude was this noble pile! The interior fitting up and decorations accorded with its magnificence of extent and plan, and the *pleasance*, or garden, was in keeping with the rest. The gorgeous

description of Sir Walter, which seems like a fairy vision of oriental magnificence, did no more than fairly come up to the reality. But all this has passed away. Elizabeth, Leicester, Burleigh, with the whole tribe of courtiers, sycophants, and attendants, have long since rendered up their account; and as one stands gazing upon these monuments, we ask ourselves, in what light do those events appear to them now? Do these scenes appear to them as when actually partaking of these revelries, when really participants in these extravagant pleasures? Well would it be for us all if we asked ourselves, in all our pursuits, how will these things seem to us, should we have the power of recollecting the scenes of earth in a future world? Alas, for us! We live for the present, paying but little attention to the illimitable hereafter. It is to be feared we all have our Kenilworths, each in his little way, in which we sacrifice the future to the present. We leave our monuments behind to stand for our lasting reproach, but as a wholesome warning to those who come after us.

We have alluded to Sir Walter Scott's novel of Kenilworth. We would not have the reader suppose that we believe in its authenticity. It is true, no doubt, so far as relates to the royal visit and the historical personages, as well as to the festivities of the occasion. All these are drawn from reliable sources. But nearly every thing that relates to the unfortunate Amy Robsart is the creation of the author's brain. It is true that Lord Robert Dudley married the daughter of Sir John Robsart; but it was in 1550, and her death occurred in 1560. Dudley was not created Earl of Leicester till four years after that, or in 1564, and he gave the magnificent entertainment to the Queen, at Kenilworth, in 1575, when poor Amy had been in her grave full fifteen years. Again, Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558, and soon began to show her partiality for Dudley, an accomplished but unprincipled courtier, son of the Duke of Northumberland and brother to Lord Guilford Dudley, the husband of the ill-starred Lady Jane Gray. It is not at all likely that, so related, the Queen was ignorant of her favorite's marriage. Yet vain and aspiring as he was, it is possible that, from the regard shown for him by the Queen, he may have thought that were he at liberty he might aspire to the hand of royalty. Such a supposition may not be unreasonable, and it very probably was in people's thoughts at the time. At any rate, when the tidings of his wife's death reached him at Windsor, where he was in attendance upon the Queen, he immediately wrote to Sir Thomas Blount to have a competent and impartial jury of inquest summoned, and to spare no pains to have the whole affair sifted to the

bottom. It is evident that he felt apprehensive that he might be suspected of complicity in the transaction. From the correspondence on the subject between Dudley and Sir Thomas Blount, preserved in Pepys's Journal and Letters, it appears that Lady Dudley was truly residing at Cumnor Place, as mentioned by Sir Walter. On the day of her death she had given permission to her domestics to attend the fair at Abingdon; but Mrs. Oglinselle, who lived with Anthony Forster, refused to go. From this it appears that she was nearly alone in the house, but by her own request. "In the course of that day she died by a fall down stayres." Such is the language of Sir Thomas Blount to Dudley, who it must be confessed seems to have been more concerned for his own reputation than for the fate of his wife. Still, whatever the impulse, he seemed sincerely anxious that a thorough and impartial investigation should be made by a disinterested jury. Such a jury was appointed, and on a review of the case they brought in a verdict of accidental death, clearing her from the suspicion of suicide as well as him from a reasonable imputation of conniving at her murder.

Sir Walter's deviation from the truth of history consists not only in regard to Amy's death, but also in his constantly calling her Countess of Leicester, when she died before her husband was raised to the Earldom. But this error was rendered necessary by his introducing her to Kenilworth Castle. Nor does the account of the Queen's anger at the discovery of Leicester's marriage, accord with the fact; for we have good reason to believe, as we have said before, that her Majesty was not ignorant of that fact. It is true, however, that Elizabeth was greatly incensed at the discovery of his marriage, as she always was at any similar event with her favorites. But that was at his second marriage, years after, with the widow of the Earl of Essex. Scott, too, has done great injustice to the character of Anthony Forster, in representing him as a base scoundrel, a low knave, and a tool of Leicester. On the contrary, he was a man of good family and respectable character, as well as a man of accomplishments and fine taste. Indeed, the great novelist himself admits as much in a note at the end of the volume. But a writer of fiction takes the right to adjust characters and incidents to the object he has in view, and deviate from the truth to enhance the interest of his story. Knowing this, we should hardly have thought worth while to dwell on the inaccuracy of these representations, but from the fact that Scott's general conformity to historic truth would lead many to confide in his representations in Kenilworth, and it is fitting that the errors should be pointed out.

HELP YOURSELF.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

HEAVEN helps those who help themselves," is an old proverb, truer than most proverbs are. No race, no nation, no tribe has ever been civilized by the mere outside application of the forms of civilized life. No amount of philanthropy has done more than make a miserable loafer of the American Indian, who seems less capable than most other races of taking into his soul the minor virtues of Christian culture. And so no man has ever risen to eminence except by his own efforts, while too many have fallen short of greatness, or of what is better, usefulness, merely by the superabundance of means at their command. "The right man in the right place" is not such an accident as most good-natured people suppose, but the legitimate result of perseverance, energy of purpose, patience, courage, and self-control, applied in the proper direction, or, indeed, in any direction, one might say; for the man who has these qualities is pretty sure to work himself out of the woods somewhere. "Work *yourself* out," is the burden of almost every great man's experience. "Say honestly and simply that which your own experience has given you," says Emerson, "and you will give the world something new, and valuable, and lasting." "The English are complete men," said Goethe; "sometimes complete fools also; but even that is something, and has its weight." And Lessing said, "Think wrongly if you please; but think for yourself."

This indeed is genius. It is a singular fact, that scarce any man of acknowledged genius seems to have much faith in genius. The very greatest men have been among the least believers in its power, and as worldly-wise and persevering as successful men of the commoner sort. Some have even defined genius to be only common-sense intensified. A distinguished teacher and president of a college spoke of it as the power of lighting one's own fire. Buffon said of genius, It is patience. Voltaire held that it is only a very slight line of separation that divides the man of genius from the man of ordinary mold; and, if this be so, that stolid Englishman might not have been so very far wrong after all, who, on Canova's death, inquired of his brother whether it was "his intention to carry on the business!" Beccaria was even of opinion that all men might be poets and orators, and Reynolds that they might be painters. Locke, Helvetius, and Diderot believed that all men have it in their power to become eminent as philosophers. Dr. Johnson defined genius to be "a

mind of large general powers accidentally determined in some particular direction." Disraeli, the elder, held that the secret of all success consisted in being master of your subject, such mastery being attainable only through continuous application and study. Newton, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, modestly answered, "By always thinking *unto* them." George Stephenson, when addressing young men, was accustomed to sum up his best advice to them in the words, "Do as I have done—persevere." He had worked at the improvement of his locomotive for some twenty-five years before achieving his decisive victory at Rainhill; and Watt was engaged some thirty years upon the condensing engine before he brought it to perfection. Dalton, the chemist, always repudiated the notion of his being "a genius," attributing every thing which he had accomplished to simple industry and accumulation. John Hunter said of himself, "My mind is like a bee-hive; but, full as it is of buzz and apparent confusion, it is yet full of order and regularity, and food collected with incessant industry from the choicest stores of nature."

The author of "Self-Help"—a book which I think every father or mother in America should put into the hands of every American boy and girl,* and to introduce which to the notice of the readers of the Repository is the principal motive of this article—Mr. Smiles, says: "Progress, of the best kind, is comparatively slow. Great results can not be achieved at once; and we must be satisfied to advance in life as we walk, step by step. De Maistre says that 'to know *how to wait* is the great secret of success.' We must sow before we can reap, and often have to wait long, content meanwhile to look patiently forward in hope, the fruit best worth waiting for often ripening the slowest. But 'time and patience,' says the eastern proverb, 'change the mulberry leaf to satin.' It is always a mark of short-sightedness and of weakness to be impatient of results. Thus true growth is often baffled; like little children who plant seeds in their garden and grab them up to see how they grow, and so kill them through their impatience."

Nothing surprises intelligent youth more than the fact that so many eminent and useful men have sprung from what are called the lower ranks of society. But nothing should encourage them more than this, which shows so clearly that after

tor, after taking a long breath, which completely upset our gravity in spite of the real, or supposed, danger through which we had just passed.

The monotony of the ride was broken, at first, with pleasing stories, and cheerful singing; but this becoming irksome, we all, as by common consent, became silent as the night. In this manner we rode along till we were roused by the driver calling to us, "Gentlemen, you will have to get out and walk, for the horses are giving out." With eyes half open, we reluctantly crawled out; there never did any mud get such a trampling as that did, by so large a body of divinity!

As pedestrians, Dr. Hamilton was our leader. He having already walked eight or ten miles, through choice, it was reasonable to suppose that his eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the dark. We moved along slowly but securely for some time; but mishaps will occur, and the best of men are liable to fall. Our leader accidentally fell into a mud-hole. His clothes looked more like *real estate* than *personal property*. It is said, that, before he arose out of the mud, he naively remarked, "This is very fine scenery, brethren; a sublime country." Imagine a man in such a condition admiring the grandeur of nature, and you have one of the finest illustrations of the triumph of mind over *matter*!

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

At night we could only see the dark outlines of the scenery around us, but day breaking in upon the darkness presented to us a mountain scenery which was quite beyond the bounds of description.

We stood upon the edge of a precipice, which was fearful, and made one dizzy to cast the eye so low. "The murmuring surge could not be heard so high."

"A rock let loose from the mountain
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounded;
At every shock the crackling wood resounded;
Still gathering force, it smoked; and urg'd amain,
Whirl'd, leap'd, and thunder'd down, impetuous, to
the plain."

Not a word was said for some minutes; every one seemed to be inspired with awe at the grandeur of the scene. The silence was broken only with short exclamations of surprise, of wonder, and of admiration. On either side, and behind us, rose the everlasting hills. Rough and craggy rocks hung upon their sides, which appeared to have such slight cohesion, that a mountain bird, perching on them for rest, could have sent them crashing to the base. High up on the

mountain to the right of us stood an old oak, which had been growing there for centuries, amid the rocks, solitary and alone. Its dangling limbs, scathed trunk, and dead top, told plainly that it had been riven with some fierce thunder-bolt.

The crack of a distant hunter's gun echoing along the chasm beneath us, greatly heightened the effect of "those deep solitudes and awful cells."

We stood pensively contemplating this "woody theater," till the approach of the stages admonished us to travel on. No one could command language sufficiently elevated to express the emotions which the scene had produced in his mind. All seemed greatly refreshed by the pleasure it afforded them. So completely abstracted were we, that we forgot the fatigues of the journey.

After riding and walking alternately for seventeen hours, we all arrived in safety at Lewisburg, the seat of the conference. The citizens received us in true Virginia style. The members of all Churches opened their houses, and entertained us in a manner more frequently read of than enjoyed. All soon felt at home. Friends received long and glowing accounts of the fatigues and perils of the journey. One, who had never been in the mountains before, wrote to his wife in this wise:

"DEAR MARY,—Through a kind Providence I arrived in safety at this mountain city, after one of the most fearful and perilous rides I ever had in my life. The sight of some of the places we passed made my hair creep on my head. Never do I wish to take another trip like it. I voted for the conference to be held here, but I had no idea that the place was so inaccessible, and the road so dangerous. I was deceived by the representations of brother Phelps, who made such a fine speech in favor of holding it here—giving such a glowing description of the country, etc. As we came along over the mountains, I heard brethren speak of the magnificence of the country, but I confess to you that I have no taste for mountain scenery, especially when seeing it is attended with so much danger to life and limb. The mountains may do for preachers who can not sustain themselves in the low lands; but for me—well, the fact is, I'd locate ~~if I were appointed~~ to one of these circuits. I don't mean that I would shrink from the hard work of the conference—for I can work as hard in or about Baltimore as any where else—I go in for giving a man a place according to his talents; and I am glad that this rule has obtained in our conference for many years back. You know I have always been kept in or near the city.

"I do not expect to enjoy myself at all, during

this session, from the apprehensions I have of traveling back over that most dangerous road. The people here treat me with the greatest kindness. They do every thing in their power to make me happy—but that road, I can't banish it from my mind. I have the most fearful forebodings. The people in this place are quite intelligent—more so than I expected to see. I hope, my dear wife, that no accident will befall me on the way.

"I am yours, affectionately, etc."

Lewisburg is a town of about twelve hundred inhabitants, situated on what is called the "Big Levels of Greenbrier county." The town is not laid out in regular blocks, like the towns of the eastern or western states; but it is all in a line along the turnpike. The following from Hudibras will have to answer for a description:

"In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good
When w' are, or are not understood."

The diversity and magnificence of the scenery around it is not easily surpassed. The valley is really beautiful. To stand on an eminence and look over it, you see large fields spreading out before you covered with long grass, over which lazily rove great droves of overgrown cattle. Looking beyond the valley, as far as your eye can survey, you see nothing but mountains, some of whose summits seem to tower to the very skies.

The night before our conference adjourned, we were visited with a terrific thunder-storm, which, to a philosopher, was truly grand.

"Clouds burst, skies flash'd, O, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pour'd the storm."

The continuous flashing of the lightning presented the storm-clouds frowning in terror upon the deluged earth. Peals of thunder, severely loud, were echoed back from the adjacent mountains, and rolled down the valley in sounds of sullen wrath.

"Low waved the rooted forest, vex'd, and shed
What of its tarnish'd honors yet remain'd;
Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs."

"Huge uproar lorded it wide. All nature reeled." It was the realization, in short, of Thomson's inimitable description of a thunder-storm.

After the appointments were read out the conference adjourned. Early in the morning there was a general bustle; stages rattling, whips crack-

ing, and trunks thumping. Soon all were ready, and we bid adieu to Lewisburg. The trip back was not so disagreeable, for the mud had dried up considerably. Nothing of any particular interest occurred on the homeward journey. It was certainly the most romantic and interesting trip the Baltimore conference ever made or enjoyed. No one will ever forget it. It will ever remain a pleasing episode in the life of every member who attended the session.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO MY FATHER-LAND.

PART III.

BY REV. JOSEPH HOLDICH, D. D.

KENILWORTH—GUY'S CLIFF.

WHO has not heard of Kenilworth Castle? And who that was within a few miles of it would not, if it were possible, pause to inspect the venerable ruin? So I resolved, in a journey from London, to spend one night on the way for this purpose, especially as I could also visit Warwick Castle. The train stopped at Rugby, celebrated for its school, with which the name of Dr. Arnold will ever be associated. For his sake I would gladly have visited the school, and have trodden the ground made sacred by his name. His learning, talents, piety, and his devotion to the best interests of humanity, invest his name with a brilliant halo, which created a strong attraction to the place. But the school is some distance from the station and not within sight, and the time did not allow me to visit it. Changing trains here for Warwick, we passed through Leamington, which has within a few years become one of the most fashionable watering-places in the kingdom. Only forty years ago it was an insignificant village, having only a little over 500 inhabitants; it now numbers a population of 16,000. Where once stood a few poor, shabby cottages, are now handsome residences, elegant squares, crescents, and terraces, with public edifices that render it one of the best-built towns in England. All this it owes, at least principally, to its mineral waters. Here are twelve springs, the which, like those of our Saratoga, differ from each other, but are highly medicinal. The waters are impregnated with sulphate of magnesia and soda, in combination with muriate of soda or common salt. But this neighborhood is likewise famous as a hunting-ground. Hence many of the leading Nimrods of the day have their sporting establishments here. Three packs of hounds are hunted regularly through the season. We confess to no sympathy with the sport of tormenting dumb beasts and running horses to death. Yet it must be admitted that it is by these

and other athletic pastimes, that the English nobility and gentry maintain such vigorous constitutions and usually attain to such longevity. But we are pausing too long by the way.

"Conductor, can you recommend me to a good hotel in Warwick?" "Your honor will find the Warwick Arms the most comfortable. Strangers usually put up there." "Very well; then, cabman, drive me to the Warwick Arms." Here I find not a large or showy building, and no outside promise of very superior accommodations. Yet on entering every thing is the picture of neatness, and as handsome as you wish. I am shown into a clean and comfortable chamber, with water and towels in abundance, and the bed linen beautifully white and clean. What a pity that in our country hotel proprietors do not consider that travelers care less for splendor than for comfort! We could easily dispense with costly mirrors, gaudy curtains, luxurious sofas and ottomans, if we could always have good bread, sweet butter, wholesome cooking, and clean bedding. Go where you will in England, you are sure to find these. Even in an obscure country village, you will find neatness, comfort, and respectful attendance. At least so I always found it.

After taking some refreshment I called the waiter. "Can you furnish me with a cab for Kenilworth?" "Yes, sir; it will be at the door in half an hour." "Very good, and what is the price?" "Nine shillings." Not high, I thought, as the distance is four or five miles, and I expected to be gone all the afternoon.

We have another specimen of the rural beauty of England. It has not the wild magnificence of our forests, the majesty of our rivers, the loftiness of our mountains. Here all was gentleness, sweetness, the beauty of cultivation and refinement. The hand of art had touched every thing with its wand and all the scenery smiled around you. The road was as level as a floor; men were trimming the grassy borders along the highway as in a gentleman's garden. They were breaking the stones to mend the road till each piece would pass through a two-inch ring. There they sit on a pile of rock, hammering away with the stone between their fingers as if they were cracking nuts. We will not pause to speculate on the value set on human labor when precious time is spent in such small pursuits. In our country we should find a more profitable use to make of it. But the sculptor will tell you that the last touches given to the marble bring out all the beauty of the statue. Though the knocking off of the large lumps at the beginning of his work is important and indispensable, yet it is only as preparatory to the finer work by which the plastic skill of the artist completes his task. It is so in the im-

provement of a country. We in America are hewing off the first blocks, and putting the rough material in shape. It will be long yet before we come to the exquisite finish of the English rural landscape.

"But I tire of a finished country. I love to see nature in its grand, though rude outlines." Very good; it is well there are diversities of taste. Some like the block in its natural roughness; some are satisfied with the statue in its incipient formation; others again admire it only in its completion. This diversity leads to the better performance of the different functions of human art. But at this slow rate we shall be long in reaching Kenilworth.

Suddenly the driver pauses, and with a touch of his hat—he always touches his hat before he addresses you—asks you to look to the right. Putting your head out of the carriage, you cast your eyes up a vista between noble rows of elms, forming the perfect prototype of gothic arches like the famous Elm Avenue at New Haven. At the terminus of this avenue is a most picturesque and romantic-looking mansion. This delightful retreat is called Guy's Cliff. It was built by Samuel Greathead, Esq., and is of but recent construction; but is now owned and occupied by one of the Percy family related to the Duke of Northumberland, as a summer residence. The family being there and visitors not admitted, I did not essay a closer inspection, of which, however, it is said to be richly worthy, both for its beautiful exterior and surroundings, and its interior embellishments. It is said to contain some very superior paintings.

But that which gave the greatest interest to me are the associations connected with it. It is said to be built on the very spot to which the hero of romance, Guy, Earl of Warwick, retired after his famous feats of prowess, on becoming disgusted with the world, to spend the rest of his days in religious seclusion. The legend says that even his devoted wife Felicia, or Phillis, knew not the place of his retirement, though but a mile or so from his own castle, and often dealt out her charity to him as a mendicant palmer.

"At length to Warwick I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not known;
And there I liv'd a hermit life,
A mile or so out of the towne;
Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rock of stone,
And liv'd like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone;
And daily came to begg my bred
Of Philis att my castle gate;
Not known unto my lovèd wiffe,
Who daily mourned for her mate."

The old ballad goes on to tell how she was finally undeceived in his last moments, how she closed his dying eyes, and after surviving him but a few years was finally buried in his grave. But it does not explain, the whole being related in the first person singular, how a dead man could relate his own story, describe his own death, and the subsequent death and burial of his good wife. Nor does it condescend to reconcile the many and glaring inconsistencies of the legend. However, that there really was such a person as Guy of Warwick does not admit dispute, and if he did only half of what is attributed to him he deserves a place among the heroes of romance. Tradition has given this as the spot of his hermitage, and to this is owing the not inappropriate nor ill-sounding designation of Guy's Cliff House.

You can hardly pass a spot in England that is not marked by some historical association, or some striking natural or artificial beauty. You have passed but a mile or two beyond Guy's Cliff when your attention is attracted by something like a monument on a wooded eminence to your left at some distance from the road. On inquiring of your coachman you are informed that it was erected to the memory of Piers Gavaston. The reader will remember him, as the vain, aspiring, yet accomplished and fascinating favorite of the weak Edward the Second. You are told that he was executed on that spot—which is but an evidence of the unreliability of popular stories. The true history is that the barons, disgusted with the ascendancy which the minion had acquired over the weak-minded king, seized his person and caused him to be beheaded in Warwick Castle. The present monument was erected by Mr. Greathead, not out of respect to him, but as a warning to mankind, and to commemorate the end of a vicious and profligate career, "in life as in death a striking instance of misrule." A mile or two more brings you to Kenilworth.

My coachman was very communicative, as well as profoundly respectful. I plied him plentifully with questions, to all of which he gave cheerful answers. Sometimes he volunteered a communication. "Your honor will find plenty of people at the Castle selling descriptions. I advise you to buy of a lame old man you will see there. He is deserving and sells a good article." On alighting up came several women with little books to sell. "Won't your honor buy? I know you will. Americans always does." "Americans? How do you know that I am from America?" "O, I knew as soon as I looked at your honor. Americans is the best sort: they always buys." Notwithstanding the blarney, I followed my coachman's advice and bought of the worthy old cripple, for which he told me the women gave

him a "rowing up" as soon as my back was turned. But now to the Castle.

The approach is to what used to be the porter's lodge, now converted into a farm-house, heavy, massive, and comfortless. Passing through the court-yard and past what was formerly the garden—or *pleasance*—you find yourself in front of the venerable ruin. It is not one continuous pile, but detached portions standing separately at considerable distances, three or four stories high, and in different states of preservation. In some portions the stairs remain, by which you ascend to the floor above; but every-where the roof is gone, the windows are out, and the bare walls look naked and forlorn. The portions of the Castle still remaining are known as the Gate House, already spoken of, Cæsar's Tower, the Kitchen, the Strong Tower, the Great Hall, the White Hall, the Presence Chamber and Privy Chambers, and several others. Several of these are united in the same mass of building, others stand apart. Originally all formed one stupendous whole, covering, with the *pleasance*, which was within the walls, seven acres of ground. As you wander around and through these massive and imposing ivy-covered ruins, clamber over the walls, ascend the stairs all of solid stone, or descend into the cave-like collars, or stumble in the dark passages, your thoughts spontaneously go back to other days, especially to those when Queen Bess received the princely hospitality of her favorite Leicester. The principal features of this royal fête are described in Scott's novel of Kenilworth, who, as well as Miss Aikin in her Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, has faithfully copied from the original annalist, Lancham. The exercises and sports lasted seventeen days, and are said to have cost the noble owner not less than £1,000 per day, amounting altogether to £17,000; an enormous sum for that period, when money went thrice as far as in our times. You can not doubt, as you look around, that here was space enough to accommodate a company, including royalty and nobility, attendants of various orders and degrees, with mummers, buffoons, mountebanks, musicians, etc., that might easily demand such an expenditure, when the whole season was given up to pleasure, and when the most gorgeous and expensive entertainments and amusements filled up nearly the entire period. Take as illustrations: The Great Hall was a room measuring ninety feet long by forty-five feet broad; the White Hall was fifty feet long by twenty-five feet wide. Of such royal magnitude was this noble pile! The interior fitting up and decorations accorded with its magnificence of extent and plan, and the *pleasance*, or garden, was in keeping with the rest. The gorgeous

description of Sir Walter, which seems like a fairy vision of oriental magnificence, did no more than fairly come up to the reality. But all this has passed away. Elizabeth, Leicester, Burleigh, with the whole tribe of courtiers, sycophants, and attendants, have long since rendered up their account; and as one stands gazing upon these monuments, we ask ourselves, in what light do those events appear to them now? Do these scenes appear to them as when actually partaking of these revelries, when really participants in these extravagant pleasures? Well would it be for us all if we asked ourselves, in all our pursuits, how will these things seem to us, should we have the power of recollecting the scenes of earth in a future world? Alas, for us! We live for the present, paying but little attention to the illimitable hereafter. It is to be feared we all have our Kenilworths, each in his little way, in which we sacrifice the future to the present. We leave our monuments behind to stand for our lasting reproach, but as a wholesome warning to those who come after us.

We have alluded to Sir Walter Scott's novel of Kenilworth. We would not have the reader suppose that we believe in its authenticity. It is true, no doubt, so far as relates to the royal visit and the historical personages, as well as to the festivities of the occasion. All these are drawn from reliable sources. But nearly every thing that relates to the unfortunate Amy Robsart is the creation of the author's brain. It is true that Lord Robert Dudley married the daughter of Sir John Robsart; but it was in 1550, and her death occurred in 1560. Dudley was not created Earl of Leicester till four years after that, or in 1564, and he gave the magnificent entertainment to the Queen, at Kenilworth, in 1575, when poor Amy had been in her grave full fifteen years. Again, Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558, and soon began to show her partiality for Dudley, an accomplished but unprincipled courtier, son of the Duke of Northumberland and brother to Lord Guilford Dudley, the husband of the ill-starred Lady Jane Gray. It is not at all likely that, so related, the Queen was ignorant of her favorite's marriage. Yet vain and aspiring as he was, it is possible that, from the regard shown for him by the Queen, he may have thought that were he at liberty he might aspire to the hand of royalty. Such a supposition may not be unreasonable, and it very probably was in people's thoughts at the time. At any rate, when the tidings of his wife's death reached him at Windsor, where he was in attendance upon the Queen, he immediately wrote to Sir Thomas Blount to have a competent and impartial jury of inquest summoned, and to spare no pains to have the whole affair sifted to the

bottom. It is evident that he felt apprehensive that he might be suspected of complicity in the transaction. From the correspondence on the subject between Dudley and Sir Thomas Blount, preserved in Pepys's Journal and Letters, it appears that Lady Dudley was truly residing at Cumnor Place, as mentioned by Sir Walter. On the day of her death she had given permission to her domestics to attend the fair at Abingdon; but Mrs. Oglinsolle, who lived with Anthony Forster, refused to go. From this it appears that she was nearly alone in the house, but by her own request. "In the course of that day she died by a fall down stayres." Such is the language of Sir Thomas Blount to Dudley, who it must be confessed seems to have been more concerned for his own reputation than for the fate of his wife. Still, whatever the impulse, he seemed sincerely anxious that a thorough and impartial investigation should be made by a disinterested jury. Such a jury was appointed, and on a review of the case they brought in a verdict of accidental death, clearing her from the suspicion of suicide as well as him from a reasonable imputation of conniving at her murder.

Sir Walter's deviation from the truth of history consists not only in regard to Amy's death, but also in his constantly calling her Countess of Leicester, when she died before her husband was raised to the Earldom. But this error was rendered necessary by his introducing her to Kenilworth Castle. Nor does the account of the Queen's anger at the discovery of Leicester's marriage, accord with the fact; for we have good reason to believe, as we have said before, that her Majesty was not ignorant of that fact. It is true, however, that Elizabeth was greatly incensed at the discovery of his marriage, as she always was at any similar event with her favorites. But that was at his second marriage, years after, with the widow of the Earl of Essex. Scott, too, has done great injustice to the character of Anthony Forster, in representing him as a base scoundrel, a low knave, and a tool of Leicester. On the contrary, he was a man of good family and respectable character, as well as a man of accomplishments and fine taste. Indeed, the great novelist himself admits as much in a note at the end of the volume. But a writer of fiction takes the right to adjust characters and incidents to the object he has in view, and deviate from the truth to enhance the interest of his story. Knowing this, we should hardly have thought worth while to dwell on the inaccuracy of these representations, but from the fact that Scott's general conformity to historic truth would lead many to confide in his representations in Kenilworth, and it is fitting that the errors should be pointed out.

HELP YOURSELF.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

"HEAVEN helps those who help themselves," is an old proverb, truer than most proverbs are. No race, no nation, no tribe has ever been civilized by the mere outside application of the forms of civilized life. No amount of philanthropy has done more than make a miserable loafer of the American Indian, who seems less capable than most other races of taking into his soul the minor virtues of Christian culture. And so no man has ever risen to eminence except by his own efforts, while too many have fallen short of greatness, or of what is better, usefulness, merely by the superabundance of means at their command. "The right man in the right place" is not such an accident as most good-natured people suppose, but the legitimate result of perseverance, energy of purpose, patience, courage, and self-control, applied in the proper direction, or, indeed, in any direction, one might say; for the man who has these qualities is pretty sure to work himself out of the woods somewhere. "Work *yourself* out," is the burden of almost every great man's experience. "Say honestly and simply that which your own experience has given you," says Emerson, "and you will give the world something new, and valuable, and lasting." "The English are complete men," said Goethe; "sometimes complete fools also; but even that is something, and has its weight." And Lessing said, "Think wrongly if you please; but think for yourself."

This indeed is genius. It is a singular fact, that scarce any man of acknowledged genius seems to have much faith in genius. The very greatest men have been among the least believers in its power, and as worldly-wise and persevering as successful men of the commoner sort. Some have even defined genius to be only common-sense intensified. A distinguished teacher and president of a college spoke of it as the power of making efforts. John Foster held it to be the power of lighting one's own fire. Buffon said of genius, It is patience. Voltaire held that it is only a very slight line of separation that divides the man of genius from the man of ordinary mold; and, if this be so, that stolid Englishman might not have been so very far wrong after all, who, on Canova's death, inquired of his brother whether it was "his intention to carry on the business!" Beccaria was even of opinion that all men might be poets and orators, and Reynolds that they might be painters. Locke, Helvetius, and Diderot believed that all men have it in their power to become eminent as philosophers. Dr. Johnson defined genius to be "a

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mind of large general powers accidentally determined in some particular direction." Disraeli, the elder, held that the secret of all success consisted in being master of your subject, such mastery being attainable only through continuous application and study. Newton, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, modestly answered, "By always thinking unto them." George Stephenson, when addressing young men, was accustomed to sum up his best advice to them in the words, "Do as I have done—persevere." He had worked at the improvement of his locomotive for some twenty-five years before achieving his decisive victory at Rainhill; and Watt was engaged some thirty years upon the condensing engine before he brought it to perfection. Dalton, the chemist, always repudiated the notion of his being "a genius," attributing every thing which he had accomplished to simple industry and accumulation. John Hunter said of himself, "My mind is like a bee-hive; but, full as it is of buzz and apparent confusion, it is yet full of order and regularity, and food collected with incessant industry from the choicest stores of nature."

The author of "Self-Help"—a book which I think every father or mother in America should put into the hands of every American boy and girl,* and to introduce which to the notice of the readers of the Repository is the principal motive of this article—Mr. Smiles, says: "Progress, of the best kind, is comparatively slow. Great results can not be achieved at once; and we must be satisfied to advance in life as we walk, step by step. De Maistre says that 'to know *how to wait* is the great secret of success.' We must sow before we can reap, and often have to wait long, content meanwhile to look patiently forward in hope, the fruit best worth waiting for often ripening the slowest. But 'time and patience,' says the eastern proverb, 'change the mulberry leaf to satin.' It is always a mark of short-sightedness and of weakness to be impatient of results. Thus true growth is often baffled; like little children who plant seeds in their garden and grub them up to see how they grow, and so kill them through their impatience."

Nothing surprises intelligent youth more than the fact that so many eminent and useful men have sprung from what are called the lower ranks of society. But nothing should encourage them more than this, which shows so clearly that after

* *Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct.* By Samuel Smiles, author of the *Life of George Stephenson*. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

all God's world is a real democracy, where merit—real merit, patient, humble, and honest—will find its place; where, in fact, men mostly find their level, the principle of specific gravity, which is the ruling principle in the material creation, being also that which rules the fate of men. It is not the man who cries lustily to Hercules that gets out of the mire, but he who puts his shoulder to the wheel and does not fear to soil his Sunday clothes—in fact, perhaps, has no Sunday clothes.

Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, and Turner, the greatest of landscape painters, were both originally barbers. Arkwright, whose invention gave England in great measure her present supremacy among the European nations, was never at school; the only education he received he gave to himself; and to the last he was only able to write with difficulty. When a boy he was apprenticed to a barber, and after learning the business he set up for himself in Bolton in 1760, occupying an underground cellar, over which he put up the sign, "Come to the subterraneous barber—he shaves for a penny." The other barbers found their customers leaving them, and reduced their prices to his standard; when Arkwright, determined to push his trade, announced his determination to give "a clean shave for a half-penny." From this "half-penny business" he came in after years to govern, by his own motions, the entire cotton manufacture of England.

When the distinguished artist, Turner, left shaving and took to painting, his means were of the slightest. For years he had to perform the merest drudgery of art—such work as your "rising man of genius" would recoil from as likely to prove fatal to his powers; as most likely it would. But Turner was always willing to work, and to take pains with his work, no matter how humble it might be. He was glad to hire himself out at sixty cents a night to wash in skies in Indian ink upon other people's drawings, getting his supper into the bargain. Thus he earned money and acquired expertness. Then he took to illustrating guide-books, almanacs, and any sort of books that wanted cheap frontispieces. "What could I have done better?" said he afterward; "it was first-rate practice." He did every thing carefully and conscientiously, never slothering over his work because he was ill-remunerated for it. He aimed at learning as well as living; always doing his best, and never leaving a drawing without having made a step in advance upon his previous work. And finally he painted pictures which not only gave him a fame which will last while the love of true art exists, but which have served and will serve as

lessons and models of truth to many generations of artists.

The list of "men who have risen" is endless. Shakspere was a butcher's son. So were Cardinal Wolsey, De Foe, Akenside, and Kirke White. Bunyan was a tinker; Joseph Lancaster, the originator of the Lancasterian school system, was a basket-maker; and of the three to whom the world is indebted for the steam-engine, Newcomen was a blacksmith, Watt a maker of mathematical instruments, and Stephenson a fireman. Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben Jonson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket, Edwards and Telford the engineers, Hugh Miller the geologist, and Allan Cunningham the writer and sculptor; while among distinguished carpenters we find the names of Inigo Jones the architect, Harrison the chronometer-maker, John Hunter the physiologist, Romney and Opie the painters, Professor Lee the orientalist, and John Gibson the sculptor. Gifford the editor of the "Quarterly Review," Bloomfield the poet, and William Carey the missionary, were shoemakers; while Morrison, another laborious missionary, was a maker of shoe-lasts. Carey had for fellow-laborers Ward, the son of a carpenter, and Marshman, the son of a weaver. By their labors a magnificent college was erected at Serampore, in India, sixteen flourishing stations were established, the Bible was translated into sixteen languages, and the seeds were sown of a beneficent moral revolution in British India. Carey was never ashamed of the humbleness of his origin. When one day, at the Governor-General's table, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another, loud enough to be heard, whether Carey had not once been a shoemaker, "No, sir," exclaimed Carey, immediately, "only a cobbler."

James Watt, when consulted about the mode of carrying water by pipes under the Clyde, along the unequal bed of the river, turned his attention one day to the shell of a lobster presented at table, and from that model he invented an iron tube, which, when laid down, was found effectually to answer the purpose. Sir Isambert Brunel took his first lessons in forming the Thames tunnel from the tiny ship-worm: he saw how the little creature perforated the wood with its well-armed head, first in one direction and then in another, till the archway was complete, and then daubing over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish; and by copying this work exactly on a large scale, Brunel was at length enabled to accomplish his great engineering work.

Time is the capital most great men work with. They lose no precious moments.

Hunter, the great anatomist, was so incessant a worker that it took ten years for his successor, Professor Owen, merely to catalogue and arrange the subjects he had dissected and prepared in his museum. When once asked what method he had adopted to insure success in his undertakings, he replied, "My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the thing be practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and, having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success." And when the great Jenner came to him with his then imperfectly-developed theory of vaccination, Hunter said to the doubting and discouraged man, "Do n't *think*, but try; be patient and be accurate."

Michael Angelo was one of the most indefatigable of workers; and he attributed his power of studying for a greater number of hours than most of his contemporaries to his spare habits of living. A little bread and wine was all he required for the chief part of the day when employed at his work, and very frequently he rose in the middle of the night to resume his labors. On these occasions, it was his practice to fix the candle, by the light of which he worked, on the summit of a pasteboard cap which he wore. Sometimes he was too weary to undress, and he slept in his clothes, ready to spring to his work as soon as refreshed by sleep. He had a favorite device of an old man in a go-cart, with an hour-glass upon it bearing the inscription, *Ancora imparo*—still I am learning.

Bulwer, one of the most voluminous writers in the language, is another great worker, and one whom no early failures could discourage. His first published work, "Weeds and Wild Flowers," was a failure. His second, the novel of *Falkland*, was yet worse. He tried again—and attained success. So Disraeli, one of the finest writers and speakers and most successful public men of England, failed miserably—even comically—in his first efforts. His first two books were regarded as evidences of literary lunacy; and in his first speech in the house of commons, "every sentence was hailed with loud laughter." But he concluded with a sentence which embodied a prophecy. Writhing under the laughter with which his studied eloquence had been received, he exclaimed, "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." The time did come.

"Courage conquers the world," says a German proverb. "Woe unto him that is faint-hearted," says the son of Sirach. The Scandinavians, a full-blooded race, bound to make their way in the

world, had a god with a hammer in his hand; and it was a fine old crest, which had a *pickax*, with the motto of, "Either I will find a way or make one." It is *will*—force of purpose—that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on being or doing. A holy man was accustomed to say, "Whatever you wish, that you are; for such is the force of our will, joined to the divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become. No one ardently wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or liberal, who does not become what he wishes." The story is told of a working carpenter, who was observed one day planing a magistrate's bench which he was repairing with more than usual carefulness, and when asked the reason, he replied, "Because I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself." And, singularly enough, the man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a magistrate. It is said of Lord Brougham that when he was in the full career of his profession, presiding in the house of lords and the Court of Chancery, he found time to be at the head of some eight or ten public associations, one of which was the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and that he was most punctual in his attendances, always contriving to be in the chair when the hour of meeting had arrived.

But I must close. If the reader wants to profit by the example of men who have made the most of time and opportunity; if he wants to gather wisdom from the experience of others, or get courage for his own life struggle from the difficulties overcome by honest hard work and stubborn perseverance and pluck, by men whom the opinion of the world calls great and worthy; or if he wants to make the acquaintance of a singularly-entertaining collection of facts bearing directly on the proper conduct of life, I advise him to read *Self-Help*.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH.

WHEN Jesus Christ came to build his temple, he found no mountain on which to build it; he had no mountain in our nature, he had to find a mountain in his own, and the mountain upon which he has built his Church is the mountain of his own unchangeable affection, his own strong love, his own omnipotent grace and infallible truthfulness. It is this that constitutes the mountain upon which the Church is built, and on this the foundation hath been digged, and the great stones laid in the trenches with oaths and promises and blood to make them stand secure, even though earth should rock and all creation suffer decay.

EARLY LIFE OF DR. JABEZ BUNTING.*

BY REV. JOHN F. MARLEY, A. M.

WHEN the great founder of Methodism passed from labor to reward, it may well be supposed that his followers looked anxiously through their ranks for a man capable and worthy to wear the mantle of their ascended leader. Wesley had been little concerned about the frame-work and polity of the movement of which he was the undisputed head. Methodism he regarded only as an agency for converting the souls of men, and to this single end he devoted all the energies of his mind. Ecclesiastical troubles came quickly when his voice was hushed in death. The exigencies of the case had naturally and necessarily conferred on him an authority which could never pass into the hands of a successor; and yet a master mind was needed to carry forward the work so auspiciously begun—to give order, system, and stability to a reformation which sought to "spread Scriptural holiness over the land." Such a statesman-like mind had Jabez Bunting, a man whose influence in the affairs of British Methodism has probably been second only to that of John Wesley himself.

His life is a study for young men. No brief sketch of its early incidents, such as we now propose, can adequately portray it to the reader. He who would fully appreciate the character of one of England's greatest men, must study the volume from which we select the facts embodied in this article. It is a carefully and judiciously-written biography, and, although the work of a son, who is evidently proud of his illustrious sire, no reader will detect in it, we apprehend, any undue filial partiality.

Jabez Bunting was born in the city of Manchester, England, May 13, 1779—the biography says 1799, which is evidently a typographical error. Of his ancestry we have but little account in the volume before us, beyond the fact that, so far back as they can be traced, they occupied quite a humble sphere in life. His parents were in very moderate circumstances, but were respectable and pious, and sought by industry and prudence to provide for their son the best intellectual and moral culture within their reach. Jabez, when an infant, was carried by his fond mother to the chapel where Wesley was officiating, in the course of his regular visitations, and the venerable apostle devoutly blessed the child. This, however, was no unusual circumstance, for

little children were very often presented to Wesley as he traveled through the country, and the blessings which he pronounced upon them were cherished as rich legacies.

When seven years old he was sent to school; and in his eighth year he commenced keeping a journal, brief extracts from which are given by his biographer, showing a very unusual proficiency and maturity for one of his age. Under the careful training of an excellent schoolmaster—John Pope—he made rapid progress in a liberal course of study. The Septuagint and the Greek Testament; the Greek and Latin classics; English, Greek, and Latin composition, both in prose and verse; the translation of French; the Psalms in Hebrew; the correct and emphatic reading and recitation of English; geography, astronomy, and the elements of natural philosophy, were all included in the *curriculum* through which he passed.

One of his early school-day habits, and an excellent one, was to extract into books and on scraps of paper whatever, in the course of his general reading, struck him as being worthy of preservation. Although a boy of more than ordinary dignity and propriety of demeanor, he was not above the weakness of an occasional frolic—what school-boy ever was? Knocker-tying seems to have been a favorite sport, among English lads, at the time of which we write, and Jabez was not unwilling to join his companions in that hazardous fun; besides which, he sometimes indulged in such tricks as school-boys are wont to practice on easy-going masters.

His parents took him regularly to Church, by which means he was made familiar, from his earliest childhood, with the Liturgy of the Church of England; and almost as soon as he could speak, we are told, he began to preach in the garret of his father's house. On these occasions he would soberly don one of his father's shirts over his own clothes and proceed to read the service for the day. He would not, however, tolerate a disorderly congregation, even then; for if his sisters, who were his only hearers, laughed, or manifested any symptoms of impatience, he would summarily dismiss them, and finish the exercises alone.

When Jabez was twelve years old, Joseph Benson was stationed in Manchester circuit. "That great preacher, always clear, solemn, and convincing, and often heated into a vehement passion of power, received at this time one of those special dispensations of heavenly unction which the histories of holy ministers in all Churches record. He stood before his people, from Sabbath to Sabbath, a pale and slender man, of a presence melancholy and all but mean, with a voice feeble, and, as he raised it, shrill, and with a

* The Life of Jabez Bunting, D. D., with notices of cotemporary persons and events. By his son, T. P. Bunting, Esq. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Bro., Pub. 1859.

strange accent caught in his native Cumberland; his body bending as 'beneath the burden of the Lord;' his gestures uncouth, and sometimes grotesque; the general impression of the whole scarcely redeemed, at first sight, by the high, clear forehead, firm nose, and steady eye which his portraits have preserved to posterity." Under the preaching of this great man, whose excellent Commentary perpetuates his name in both hemispheres, young Bunting was convinced that the time had come when he was required to accept or refuse the mercy of the Gospel.

He did not, however, at once connect himself with the society, or experience the regenerating and comforting power of religion. He was finally brought to a decision by a circumstance trifling in itself, but which well illustrates what important results sometimes grow out of what are called little things. Alexander Mather, a strict disciplinarian, was sent to the circuit. He was greatly shocked, it seems, on learning that large boys, who had not joined the society, were in the habit of attending love-feast, and determined to put a stop to the practice. Young Bunting was shut out—his mother leaving him passed in "with the multitude that kept holyday;" while he returned home and went into his closet to seek forgiveness and peace of mind. Standing on his father's door-step one day, soon afterward, he was enabled to embrace and realize the one everlasting truth of Christ, "the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." He received a "Note of Admission upon Trial," into the Methodist Society, at the "Quarterly Visitation," made by the ministers of the circuit in September, 1794, and was never shut out of love-feast again.

About a year after his conversion he went to reside in the family of Dr. Thomas Percival. This distinguished physician, author, and philanthropist, required the services of a quick, intelligent amanuensis; he proposed therefore to Jabez Bunting's parents that their son should continue his studies under his own eye, learn the medical profession, reside in his family, and be the companion and assistant of his literary labors. Although the religious views of the Doctor were such as they would by no means wish their son to imbibe, the opportunity for mental culture which this offer presented was not to be declined. It was gratefully accepted. For four years Bunting continued to reside under the roof of Dr. Percival. He read largely, his biographer informs us, with and to his master; wrote often and voluminously, at his dictation, upon all sorts of topics, secular, ethical, and religious; attended such courses of lectures as were accessible to him; studied men and manners; devoured newspapers;

busied himself in thinking and talking about local and national politics; so that by the time he attained his twentieth year, he was a man ripe for the business of life.

While in the family of Dr. Percival, and when but seventeen years of age, he became the founder of "A Society for the Acquirement of Religious Knowledge, consisting of young men of the Methodist connection in Manchester." The objects of the society were: "Improvement in religious knowledge, experience, and practice; and, secondly, a consequent increase both of the dispositions and qualifications which are essential for extensive usefulness in the Church of Christ, and in the world at large." It was prescribed that the association should meet once a week, and that, at these weekly meetings, each member, in rotation, should bring forward some subject of a religious nature, for consideration, and communicate his own ideas upon it in writing; or he might propose passages of Scripture or quotations from religious books for explanation. Every sixth meeting was employed in exercises wholly and directly of devotion. "To this end," says the paper still extant in Bunting's handwriting, "let each member relate his religious experience, as in a general band or love-feast, but with a particular reference to the effects of this institution upon his mind; stating, after a careful examination, on the one hand, whether he has found it to answer those beneficial purposes of instruction and edification which first induced its establishment, and whether he has been able, by the Divine aid, to escape those dangers to which such societies are doubtless exposed, and by which they have heretofore been rendered curses instead of blessings; and freely acknowledge, on the other hand, if he be conscious of any declension in grace, of any decrease of simplicity and earnestness, or of any loss of the life and power of godliness."

This society appears to have enjoyed great prosperity for several years, discussing all sorts of knotty subjects, mostly, however, of doctrinal and practical religion. That Bunting was the leading spirit as well as the founder of the association, appears from the fact that it was dissolved soon after he left the city. The minute-book informs us that a prayer meeting was instituted and carried on successfully for a number of years, in a destitute portion of the city, four members of the society being detailed each Sabbath afternoon for the service. The meetings were held in the house of a poor mechanic, and here, one Sunday afternoon, early in 1798, Jabez Bunting for the first time addressed a congregation on religious subjects. He stood in the doorway and delivered a short, extemporaneous exhortation, without a text, to such passers-by as the service

itself, or the speaker's youth, induced to stop and listen.

In those days Manchester was pervaded by a system of prayer meetings, generally held after the evening service, in some quiet, obscure cottage, where small companies would assemble of such persons as were not reached by the ordinary methods. The exercises consisted of brief, earnest addresses, short hymns, and short prayers, all adapted to the peculiar wants of the little audience. Bunting was a regular "prayer-leader"—he and two hundred and twelve others regularly visited sixty-four places in the city and its vicinity, for the purpose of conducting such meetings. It can scarcely be doubted that a somewhat similar system might be adopted in the cities of the United States with good effect.

Bunting's friends perceiving his unusual gifts, now urged him to try to preach; they looked forward to his becoming an itinerant preacher; but he took only one step at a time. When nineteen years old he seems to have resolved upon nothing further than to employ himself as a local or lay preacher, still intent upon pursuing the medical profession. Even in that subordinate sphere of ministerial labor he embarked only after much consideration and prayer. The following memorandum, found among his papers, will be interesting to the reader, as showing the systematic habits of thinking that characterized his youth:

"Pro."

"1. The want of laborers, specially such as are tolerably-intelligent and well-informed persons.

"2. The general duty of using every talent that God has imparted; remembering that 'the supply of the means is the requisition of the duty.'

"3. The deep-rooted and long-continued conviction that I am called to this work.

"4. The opinion of those Christian friends whom I have consulted, and that of others who appear to expect it from me.

"Contra."

"1. My own deficiency in point of knowledge.

"2. My want of time for religious study.

"3. My youth and inexperience.

"4. My unfaithfulness to God's grace, and my littleness of faith and love.

"5. My rare opportunities for exercising.

"Lord, teach me what thou wouldest have me to do!"

"August, 1798."

This systematic method of procedure characterized Mr. Bunting throughout the whole of his long and useful public life. His first sermon was

preached on the 12th of August, 1798, in a small cottage in a place called Sodom, a few miles distant from Manchester. The text was, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." Several of his young friends were present on the occasion, and one of them, James Wood, who watched his pulpit career with pride for more than fifty years, always said that the first essay in the cottage was never excelled, either as to its matter, manner, or manifest effect. Although it is quite probable that this opinion is an extravagant one, it is not difficult to conceive that the youthful preacher must have attracted immediate and general attention.

At the Quarter Sessions, held at Salford on the 10th of April, 1799, he "appeared before the justices present," and took the oaths and declaration which entitled him to the protection of the law, "as a dissenting minister"—a formality which stood him in good stead in time of peril. His success as a local preacher, and the unanimous voice of his friends, induced him now seriously to consider whether it was not his duty to devote his life wholly to God and his Church, by going out as a traveling preacher. The more he pondered the matter, the stronger grew the impression upon his mind that the life of a Methodist preacher would be that in which he could be most useful and happy. The ministers on the circuit warmly urged him to the same purpose. After consultation with some of the wisest and ablest men in the conference, and much prayer for Divine guidance, he determined to abandon forever his bright prospects of worldly success in the medical profession, and give himself wholly to the work of the ministry.

In a courteous letter to Dr. Percival he announced his purpose; and though the Doctor was far from being well pleased with the change, he kindly acquiesced in it. Accordingly, at the conference of 1799, in his twentieth year, Jabez Bunting was "received on trial" as a preacher, and appointed to the Oldham circuit. In the month of August he walked to his field of labor, distant but a few miles from Manchester. His saddle-bags, containing the wearing apparel and the books necessary for immediate use, was hung over his shoulder. Many a Methodist preacher's whole fortune, before and since that day, has been transported in a similar manner. His uncle and class-leader, Joseph Redfern, walked with him from the maternal home for a considerable distance on the road; then, at a lone spot, kneeled down, asked God's blessing, gave his own, and they parted.

Very few incidents of Mr. Bunting's first year are preserved. One tradition is, that after a week-night service in a cottage at Saddleworth,

soon after his arrival on the circuit, he held anxious talk with the good man of the house before he went to bed, and expressed his fears that "he should not be able to find material to hold out even for six months;" and how, locked up in the "prophet's room" the whole of the succeeding day—his meal-time forgotten by the good people below, because a frightful flood swept through the vale, and forbade their thinking of any thing but their lives and goods—he came down late in the afternoon, all unconscious of the stir, and set off to his next place.

In this circuit, too, he first "stood by his order." When some questions were mooted in the quarterly meeting, during the discussion of which the preachers were expected to retire, he boldly refused to do so; and it was declared by one astonished and angry brother, that "a good old rule had that day been set aside to please that proud son of Adam, Jabez Bunting." How he succeeded in his pulpit ministrations this year, may be inferred from the statement that as the next session of conference drew near, the stewards of Liverpool circuit addressed him a letter asking his consent to be stationed there. This tempting offer he modestly and sensibly declined; in the first place, because he considered himself unqualified for so important a field of labor; and secondly, because the Oldham circuit was more contiguous to the residence of his now widowed mother, who needed his occasional presence and assistance, in the management of her family affairs.

By the conference of 1801 he was appointed to the Macclesfield circuit—then considered a wide field of action—distant from Manchester twenty miles. Macclesfield was rising rapidly into importance as a great seat of industry, and was not only inviting as a promising field of labor, but afforded many literary and social advantages. While here, Mr. Bunting was offered the incumbency of a large Church, if he would consent to take episcopal orders. This overture was promptly declined. He felt that in respect to usefulness he would lose more than he could possibly gain by conformity; besides, "there were ties of honor, gratitude, and affection which held him firmly to the Church to which his parents belonged." Trained under the influence of Methodism, and an intelligent believer in the truth and purity of its system, he saw no reason for change. "As to episcopacy," says his biographer, "I believe my father rejoiced just as much to see it prevail among the Methodists of America, as he would have deplored any effort to introduce it among those in England."

Having completed his four years of trial in the conference, Mr. Bunting was married to a lady

every way qualified to render him more happy and useful in his work, and was sent by the conference of 1803 to the London circuit. We close this brief account of his early life with an extract from the interesting volume before us, expressive of the views of a wise man on the subject of ministers and matrimony. The paragraphs quoted are well worthy the attention of young preachers.

"Every Methodist preacher, when his probation has ended, and he is fully received and recognized as a minister, but not before, is entitled to charge the connection with the maintenance of a wife. The regulation is easily vindicated when explained. For the candidate's own sake it is expedient, except in very special circumstances, that his attention should be exclusively devoted to the duties and studies of his vocation; besides which, no man of honorable mind will expose a woman whom he really loves to the results of possible failure. To the connection the arrangement secures all the advantages which the probation derives from it; and it is far easier to deal faithfully with the case of an unmarried man, than with that of one who has doubled his responsibilities.

"When the period of trial has been honorably passed, all parties derive benefit from the speedy, if prudent marriage of the young minister. He settles down at once to the business of life, with all its sympathies and interests, and finds in the joys and solace of his home the readiest assistant of his work abroad. Let all who know the admirable women who cheerfully endure the hardest straits of the Methodist itinerancy, testify how truly I speak on this subject."

VALUE OF LAW.

A LAW is valuable, not because it is law, but because there is right in it; and because of this rightness it is like a vessel carrying perfume—like the alabaster inclosure of a lamp. A principle is better than a rule; yet we are not to despise rules, for they are leading-strings intended to bring us along the path of life to principles. A rule is like a mold. You pour in the wax; and when it is pressed, it comes out, and the mold is left behind. The end of a rule is to bring the man out from the rule. Rules are like sepals around a rose bud—good to keep the bud through its first stages; but when it opens, and comes to the perfect flower, then they fall off, and are useless. The highest type of character is that which is made up of feelings so luminous that the man takes a more elevated path than he could ever do if he were bound down to rules and precedents.

OUR STEP-MOTHER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

WE sha'n't like her, shall we, Frank?" "No, indeed!" He spoke the words with an emphasis which left no doubt of his conviction, while he pulled up the dandelions, whose golden stars were sown thick amidst the orchard grass. It was the time of the dropping of nuts, and sowing of wheat, a pleasant, slumberous, misty autumn day; and my brother Frank and I sat under one of the great apple-trees in the orchard back of our house.

I had mounted my eighth year, and Frank was two summers ahead of me. We had been orphans for more than half my life, and my memory could only gather up dim, shadowy fragments of the time when my mother's sweet face and soft voice dwelt among us. Her life had fallen away suddenly, and our father—our kind and tender father, who had mourned for her so bitterly, and carried her memory in his heart, like a box of myrrh, filling it with sweet fragrance, had spared his children the worst sorrows of the motherless.

He was faithfully aided by Betty, our nurse and general housekeeper. She had lived with our mother before her marriage, and was devotedly attached to her; and this affection was transferred to her orphan children.

I believe Betty loved us with a love that was like the love of mothers, and we were more attached to her than to any one besides our father.

It was on the evening of my eighth birthday that I sat on my father's knee, dipping my fingers in his thick, black locks, and playing with the doll which he had given me, when he suddenly slipped the palm of his hand under my chin, and looking earnestly in my face, said: "Alice, how would you like me to bring you a new mother?" I laid the doll down in my lap, and meditated seriously a moment. "I do n't think that I should like her very much, papa. I'd rather have you, and Betty, and Frank, here all alone, just as we do now."

"But, my child, the mother that I shall bring you will be gentle, and sweet, and good, and will love you and make you happier than I can."

I shook my head. "Will she make you forget our mamma, papa?"

He gathered me up suddenly and closely to his heart. "God forbid, my little girl."

Then he sat silent for a little while, and afterward he kissed me very tenderly, and walked away.

I should scarcely have remembered this conversation, if Betty had not constantly reminded me of it, by doleful shakes of the head and broken

ejaculations of astonishment and pity. So that at last the vision of our future step-mother had become, with my brother and me, something repulsive and terrible.

We did not communicate our feelings to our father, and when he informed us one morning, on leaving home, that he should be absent for several days, and when he returned that it would not be alone, our hearts actually rose up against him, for we felt that in bringing a stranger to our home to take the place of our mother, he was doing the latter a great and irretrievable wrong.

He had been absent two days, when Frank and I went out to play in the orchard; but a shadow lay heavily upon our souls. We soon settled down quietly under our favorite old apple-tree.

"Betty says," I continued, answering my brother's emphatic rejoinder, "that our noses will jest be put out of joint. She never knew a step-mother that was n't always trying to come between a father and his own children, and she reckons that we'll see very different times now."

Frank's great black eyes flashed up suddenly on my face. "I'm not going to be abused by any step-mother, catch me!"

"So I say. I've just made up my mind not to like her one bit. What right has she to come here and take our poor, dear mamma's place—" and here I broke down suddenly in a burst of tears.

I think Frank cried too, though I am not quite certain, for he was a boy of ten years and considered himself quite too much of a man to have a girl see him cry.

At last he slipped his arm around my waist, "Come, Alice, do n't feel bad any more. Let's go into the house and get Betty to give us some corn to parch." We found Betty in the kitchen paring some late peaches for preserving. She was a little, dumpy body, with a pleasant face set full of wrinkles, and her hair was sifted in and out with gray, for her years were slipping into threescore.

"Yes, darlin's; you may take the basket and get the ears of corn in the blue chest up garret. Poor things! it is n't in my heart to refuse you any thing jest now. I say it's a burnin' and a cryin' shame—" She stopped short and shook her head lugubriously, while the peach-skin coiled around the knife which she held in her fingers.

"What is a burnin' shame, Betty?" though I comprehended well enough the drift of her meaning.

"No matter, dear heart; only when I think of that sweet angel lyin' under the grass this blessed minnit, and a stranger comin' to take her place, and set herself up as mistress here, it's more 'n

flesh and blood can stand. But one thing my mind's set on, and that is, to stick by you, through thick and thin, to the end. I'll never leave nor desert them motherless children so long as I've got a whole bone in my body."

And Betty brought down her foot on the floor with such emphasis that it came very near upsetting the pan of pared peaches in her lap.

Now, Betty's aversion toward my father's new wife was not altogether an unnatural one, injudiciously as it was expressed, and heightened as it was by ignorance and prejudice, for she had so long held undisturbed sway over all the domestic departments of our household, that the idea of resigning her authority to another was any thing but agreeable.

Then her warm attachment to my mother made her jealous for her memory, and for the happiness of her children; and she could not regard with any feelings but those of dislike and antipathy, the stranger who should come to sit in the place of the dead. But it would have been better if she had told us instead, how we should love the new mother on earth, for the sake of the mother in heaven, and hope that she would be a good gift of God to us instead of her whom he had called to that upper homestead of which he has sent us those sweet and joyful tidings—"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." We had shelled the ears of small corn, and Frank was stirring them in the old-fashioned "spider," while I was eagerly watching the kernels as they broke into little crests of foam, here and there, when my father electrified us all by suddenly entering the kitchen. He shook hands with Betty, and kissed Frank and me.

"Come right into the parlor," he exclaimed, in the most cheerful of tones. "There's somebody wants to see you there." I threw up a frightened glance at Betty. "Wait a minute, Mr. Winship, and I'll brush her hair;" and she set about her task with a face quite as solemn as she would have worn at my funeral, while my father returned to the parlor.

"Are these the children, George?"

We had gone in together, my brother and I, and the lady, who was sitting by the window, rose up with a quick, eager movement, as we entered. I can see just how she looked. She was a small, slender woman, with a still, sweet face, delicately outlined, and with smiles forever running up from her lips into her eyes. She had a voice, too, which suited her smiles, soft, and quick, and tender.

"Yes, Mary, these are the children. Frank—Alice, come here, and kiss your new mother."

The sweet face, the outstretched hands, drew

us toward her despite all our prejudices. In a moment she had slipped her small hand under my chin, and was wistfully searching my face.

"She is not like you, George!"

"O no: Frank is his father's boy, but Alice is all her mother."

My father spoke the last words with a certain solemnity. I felt my new mother's arm steal soft and tight around my waist, as she held me to her heart. When she loosened me from her grasp there were still tears in her brown eyes. And then Frank came to her side, and slipped his hand in hers, and she pushed back the brown locks from his forehead, and praised him for his father's hair and eyes.

Our feelings toward our mother had undergone a great and sudden revulsion; but Betty's prejudices were of longer and stronger growth, and nothing could induce her to regard her new mistress in any other light than that of an unwelcome intruder and usurper.

Our mother must have been at least ten years younger than her husband, and he had barely reached his thirty-fifth year.

She had not quite lost the shyness of her girlhood; for on the first assumption of the responsibilities which her new relations involved, the quick blushes would wander up and down her cheeks; but she had a natural grace and dignity which secured her from all undue familiarity and intrusiveness. I am quite certain that all my brother's prejudices, and mine, would have quite vanished, if they had not been constantly stimulated by Betty's suspicious nods and dark sayings.

"I'm afraid, Frank."

"Pshaw, Alice, there is n't a bit of danger, if it is a rickety old concern. You just walk straight and steady across."

It was very near sundown; Frank and I had been gathering chestnuts in the grove about half a mile from our house, and were returning home in high spirits; but we had taken a circuitous road, which led us through a long, winding lane, at the end of which was a large pond, and across this hung a rickety, crazy old bridge, unsafe at the best, for the pond was deep in the center, and there were long gaps in the bridge where the boards had fallen away.

Frank was a high-spirited, venturesome boy, with a keen relish for daring achievements and dangerous places. He bounded across the shaking planks with a shout, and reached the other side, while I stood trembling with fear on the edge of the bridge.

But his tones infused a kind of false courage into me, and I attempted to cross over, though my head swam as soon as I ventured upon the

bridge. I was half across, when a sudden dizziness seized me, just as I was endeavoring to step from one plank to another. I heard Frank shout, "Go back, Alice!" I remember swaying back and forth and then reaching up my arms wildly to the sky. There was a quick plunge, and the waters rolled over me, as Frank's agonized cry rolled over the water.

She heard it—our step-mother, for she had been taking a short walk that afternoon, and the cry reached her just as she opened the front gate of her home. She turned round, for she recognized the sound and rushed toward the pond.

"Frank—O, Frank, what is the matter?" She asked the question with a white face and shivering limbs, for the truth dawned upon her as she saw the distracted boy on the bank wringing his hands.

"O, mother, mother, Alice has fallen into the pond—can't you save her?"

Mrs. Winship was something of a swimmer. She sprang into the water and struck out for the center of the pond. She reached me just as I was coming up for the last time, and caught me by my hair.

She gained the bank with me, but it was a hard struggle, for she was not a strong swimmer.

"Run for help—quick, Frank." She gasped out the words, and then fell, dripping and unconscious, on the bank. And at that moment Frank heard the roll of carriage wheels in the distance, and bounded toward the road. My father was returning from the city.

"Well, daughter, how do you feel now?"

My father asked the words very tenderly, leaning over me, while I lifted my head and stared wildly around the room. I was in my own little chamber—the lamp was burning on the table, and the doctor and Betty stood on one side of the bed, and the face of the latter was stained with tears; then the whole truth flashed over me. "O, papa, am I here? Did n't I fall into the pond?" and the bed shook with the shivering of my limbs.

"No matter about that now, darling. You are safe and warmly tucked up here in bed now, with every body to care for you."

And then Betty came forward and stroked my hair and called me her dear little lost lamb, and the tears rolled over her cheeks.

And I heard papa asking the doctor "whether all danger was over now?" and he answered: "Perfectly," and said that I must be kept close and warm, for two or three days; then there came a soft rap and a soft voice at the door. "May I come in, George?" My father sprang toward it: "Why, Mary, you should not have got-

ten up to-night!" "I am quite well. My cold bath did n't do me any serious injury. How is the child?" "Getting on nicely. O, Mary, thank God, thank God, you saved her!"

There were no words spoken in the room for a few moments afterward, but Frank came in and looked at me with sorrowful and struck eyes; and my step-mother stroked my hair with her soft hand.

"I want to whisper to Frank, papa."

My brother came close up to the bedside and put his ear down to my lips. "Frank, how did it happen?" I asked. "Mamma saved you, Alice. She swam right out into the middle of the pond, and dragged you out when you came up. O, Alice, I thought you was drowned!" and the boy shuddered, and covered his face with his hands.

My father caught the words. "Yes, Alice, my dear little daughter, if it had not been for your mother on earth, you would be now with your mother in heaven."

I heard a quick sob, and then Betty broke out, vehemently: "I'll never speak another word agin her to the day of my death." I saw a smile flash over my father's and mother's face. But the former's grew stern again, as he turned to his son: "Frank, how could you persuade your sister across that dangerous bridge?"

His wife interposed in a low voice: "He will never do so again. And if you had seen him, as I did, you would have thought he was sufficiently punished."

"Well, Mary, because *you* ask it, I will forgive him this time," and then my father kneeled down amid his small household, and thanked God that the youngest of his flock was not lost to him.

How much we all grew to love her for her gentleness, her tenderness, her good and beautiful life, I can not tell; but I do know that it seemed to us sometimes that God had sent an angel to walk with us below for the angel that walked in heaven, and that it is written there, what she was to us, of light and blessing, of comfort and healing—"our step-mother!"

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright. Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and there will be sleeping enough in the grave!—*Franklin*.

UNCLE SHOBEK LEEDUM, OF MUDFOG,
ILLINOIS.

BY J. L. CRANE.

MUDFOG is the name we are pleased to give to a place on a certain railroad in Illinois. In this town there are several stores, as many groceries, three shoe shops, four physicians—at least there are four houses that have a piece of tin, painted blue, nailed by the side of the door with the word "doctor" over some body's name, in gilt letters. There is one house with a tailor sign and a sign for justice of the peace all on one board and under one name, indicating that one individual combined the capacities of dispensing to the people justice, peace, and "something to wear."

Mudfog, as its name would seem to suggest, was built upon exceedingly flat and spongy ground. An ordinary observer, with the naked eye, standing on one of its principal streets would incline to the opinion that Mudfog was located on the lowest point of earth within the scope of his vision. Some of the enemies of the town have maliciously insinuated that the wells in that locality had to be banked up about the mouths thereof to prevent the water from running over their tops. The water in the streets and ditches seemed to be like a certain brute we read of, starving between two stacks of hay—it did n't know which way to run; and in its hesitation it did n't run at all, but stood still and stagnated. We say that it stood still simply from the fact that the "oldest inhabitant" had failed to observe at any time that there was the slightest inclination for it to run down hill; for the very good reason that there was no hill for it to run down. When I say it stood still, I do not wish to be understood that perfect quietness reigned over every miniature lake in and around Mudfog. For here, above all places, the chirp and croak of the frog, and the voice of the mud-turtle are the first to be heard and the last to be hushed in the whole land. And the most astonishing displays of frog gymnastics are witnessed here and hereabouts, which it is said would fill eastern naturalists with wonder and amazement.

The railroad has a water-tank in Mudfog; and it is said to be more reliable in its supplies than any other on the whole line of the road. The water in this town has the privilege of taking but two directions; one is up toward the sun, and the other down toward the center of gravity. And when we consider, on the one hand, the spongy nature of the soil, and on the other hand, the unbounded extent and density of the fog, we are at a loss to determine in which direction the current sets in the strongest. When we look up

and behold the unfathomable cloud of vapor that has exhaled from the earth, we are ready to award the prize to the sun; but when we step off the cars and plunge nine inches deep into the *free soil* of Mudfog, we are disposed to favor the claims of mother earth, to be the great absorbent that saves Mudfog from a destructive deluge.

Now, Mr. Shobek Leedum laid off Mudfog just at the time it was determined to build the railroad, for he once owned all the land in and immediately around the place. Before Mr. Shobek Leedum had become the proprietor of a town, and named the principal streets after his wife and children, the people had acquired the undignified habit of calling him "Uncle Shobe." He was an *old settler*, and familiar with all the pioneers in the country; and when he became the owner of a whole town, instead of the owner of a common farm, the people did not *get above* calling him "Uncle Shobe" still; which fact, we hope, will be sufficient excuse for our indulging in the same familiar appellation.

Uncle Shobe was born in Virginia; a fact he was certain to notice in his frequent allusions to his past history. And either to add luster to himself, or the land of his birth, he was certain to say, when referring to his native soil, that "Virginia was the mother of Presidents and other great men." One thing appeared certain, Uncle Shobe regarded the honor of being born in Virginia as being transcendently above any honor which Illinois could confer. Therefore, as this most distinguishing mark of earthly eminence had already been bestowed upon him thus early in life, he considered that dignity enough without making any special efforts to add thereto. He seemed to have an egotistical serenity in contemplating the thought, that if he was not made of better stuff than other folks, that he was certainly brought into being on better soil than the average of "Suckers."

Uncle Shobek, in early life, had joined the Church. He even advanced so far in the esteem of the *society* that he was generally called upon "to pitch the tune at preaching," and made considerable progress in other exercises pertaining to the sanctuary. But a strict regard for truth compels us to say that the march of mechanical improvement did not produce in him a corresponding march of religious improvement. To speak less figuratively, the establishment of a railroad through Uncle Shobe's farm, and of a depot on the flat part of a hundred-acre field, did not cause Uncle Shobek to advance in piety. When a portion of his farm, which before the days of railroads he would have sold for five dollars per acre, became worth one hundred dollars

per acre, he had to give it ninety-five times more care and attention than formerly. And some good people, who can not help noticing a change in the old habits of an old neighbor, were heard to say that he had transferred his fervency from the Church to his land. The schoolmaster, who had read "Combe" and "Fowler," said that "he was neglecting his organ of tune and encouraging his organ of acquisitiveness." The former concern and care he had manifested in arranging the aisles and seats, stoves and candle-holders, and other fixtures of the country church, had melted before the age of steam, and his brain was filled with corner-lots, business streets, and so forth.

Uncle Shobek soon became rich. When this important era in his life was reached—esteemed by him the most honorable event in his history, always excepting the renowned fact that he was born in Virginia—money became worth to him from twenty-five to fifty per cent. And one man, who had borrowed money from Uncle Shobek and had not the fear of wealth nor old Virginia before his eyes, was heard to say that "if old Uncle Shobe Leedum was to get to heaven and could n't make twenty per cent, he'd think he'd missed the place and walk out." Uncle Shobek became richer every day. Every day he had to be more watchful, not of himself, but of others who had bought *lots* and were trying to cheat him, and others who had borrowed money and were trying to *shirk* out of the *interest*, and still others who were trying to escape the payment of the *principal*. With him eternal vigilance was the price of wealth, and the shrewdest attention was requisite to prevent faithless debtors from slipping through the meshes of the law.

Uncle Shobek cared but little for fashion. He wore the same old broad-brimmed hat, and scorned the suppliant folds of a neck-tie. He had the same old home-made over-coat, that had been colored with butter-nut bark ten years before he was proprietor of Mudfog. Said over-coat was long enough in the skirt for a full display of Jewish phylacteries, for it reached within three inches of the ankle-bone. What was made up in the skirt was, however, lost in the waist, for the buttons behind were very close to the shoulder-blade. He derided the idea of *hoops*, yet his *pantaloons* would have made two good-sized *mill-socks*. He never carried a watch, for he said he had learned in the mountains of Virginia how to tell the time of the day by the sun—something which could seldom be learned in Mudfog. He used a piece of cow's-horn for an inkstand, and wrote with a goose-quill. His library consisted of one old family Bible, a hymn-book, bruised and mangled by many falls;

"The Statutes of Illinois," "Every Man his own Lawyer," an almanac, and "Daboll's Arithmetic." Newspapers he borrowed from the shops and stores of his neighbors.

Aunt Lucy Leedum, Uncle Shobek's wife, was nearly a fac-simile of himself. She wore the same friendly-looking sun-bonnet the year round. Saturday and Sunday, at home or abroad, in the church or in the kitchen, Aunt Lucy had on the same sun-bonnet. She called her husband "old man," smoked home-made tobacco, went barefooted in the summer—at home—milked her own cows, spun her own yarn, washed her own clothes, and said she was "powerful fond of pork and beans." She worked all day and knit all night, except when asleep. She talked but little, except by way of correcting the "old man," or some of the children. She submitted with many ejaculations of indignation to what she called the "cravin' desire of the girls for the furbelows and fooleries of fashion." She said, "I had to git 'em hoops, flowered bonnets and ribbons, or have no peace of my life."

There was one boy who had grown to the size of a man. He was almost an exact image of Uncle Shobek, excepting that he wore more hair, was not quite so stoop-shouldered, nor had he so many of the furrowed lines or silver threads of time, and withal was somewhat more fashionable in attire. But his mind was of the same cast, and his inclinations bent in the same direction. The "old man" had trained William to be as saving, cautious, and craving as he. The great majority of catechetical instruction which William had received from his father amounted to about this:

Question.—What is the chief end of man?

Answer.—To keep what he's got, and get what he can.

The other children of the Leedum family were Jonas, Jerusha, Solon, and Samantha, whose ages ranged from ten to nineteen.

In the year 18—, in the month of March, Rev. Jonathan Molers had an appointment seven miles from Mudfog, and it was regarded as a matter of considerable importance that he should fulfill his engagement. He was a stranger in Mudfog and all the region round about. It was the muddiest time of a very muddy season. The land fairly groaned by reason of the mud. The clouds wept over the desolations of mud, and it only made it muddier. Jonathan had rode in the mud, and walked in the mud, and stuck in the mud, and had fountains of mud squirted and splashed all over his person, trying his patience, defiling his garments, marring his vision, and disfiguring his countenance. Mud was monarch of all he surveyed, and had imposed a grievous

tariff on all terrestrial things. Jonathan's feet were not exactly "made fast in the stocks," but were many a time made fast in the mud. His *fast* horse was made *faster*. Railroads had sunk in the mud—ties, iron, and all. Locomotives *stalled* in the mud, and cars rolled and wallowed in the mud. Mud came up into the houses and roused the petulance of housekeepers. It had rained for nearly a month with all imaginable variations of rapidity. Clouds were incessantly dripping on the earth, the earth was dripping into the ditches and valleys. Men were dripping, and so were horses, dogs, chickens, umbrellas, and all creation was on the drip.

But Jonathan determined to reach his appointment. He took the cars for Mudfog, hoping to borrow or hire a horse at the last-mentioned town with which to reach his destination. The cars jerked, rocked, and reeled their slow length along, and at eight o'clock at night the brakeman of the train called out, "Mudfog." Jonathan gathered his saddle-bags and rushed for the door. All without was as dark as midnight underground and as wet as the "Cave of the Winds" at the falls of Niagara. Jonathan gave a leap into the dismal abyss. He landed, all fours, in a sea of mud, his boots and right arm penetrating the same about thirteen inches. The railroad was without a platform and depot at that day.

After slipping, straining, and staggering around a few steps, Jonathan ran against a fellow-man and began to inquire:

"Hellow, Mr. —, is there any tavern in Mudfog?"

"No."

"Is there no place where a man can get lodgings for the night?"

"Do n't know of any."

"Who made this town?"

"Uncle Shobek Leedum."

"Where does he live?"

"D'ye see that two-story house over yonder?"

"See! How could a man see such a night as this?"

"Well, come here," and the stranger laid his right arm up by the side of Jonathan's face and turned his head in the direction of a light; "d'ye see that light thar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you jis make for that light, that's whar Uncle Shobe Leedum lives; mebby he'll keep ye, but do n't think he will."

Jonathan kept the aforesaid light in view, thanked his informant, and started. But he declared that he ran over nearly all the loose building timber, stumbled over piles of brick, sand, and also waded the most prominent mud-holes

in Mudfog. The said light was in Mr. Leedum's kitchen; but Jonathan being a stranger to the town, and the darkness preventing him from discerning a kitchen from a corn-crib, and in his persevering efforts to make a straight line for the light he climbed a worm-fence nine rails high and was soon blundering about the well and clothes-lines of the back-yard. The clothes-line knocked off his hat, and he tramped on it three times before he was enabled to pick it up. He also ran against the coop of an old hen and brood of chickens, and the squall of poultry roused the dogs, which were very numerous and exceedingly loud, and Jonathan says he thought of Daniel in the lions' den. He hastily climbed the nine-railed worm-fence again and got over into the front-yard. He knocks at the front-door and one of Uncle Shobek's younger children opens the door.

"Does Mr. Leedum live here?"

"Yas."

"Is he at home?" (Dogs yelling at no great distance.)

"Yas." (Jonathan still standing in the mud.)

"I would like to see him."

"He's sick—won't you come in?"

Jonathan is conducted into the room where Uncle Shobek is lying on a bed before the large, old-fashioned fireplace.

"Good evening. Is this Mr. Leedum?"

"Yes, sir, that's my name."

"Mr. Leedum, I learn that you are the proprietor of this town. I am a stranger here. I am looking for a place to stay over night, and I want to get a horse somewhere in the morning to go over to Bingtown."

"What is your name? What do you follow? Where are you from?"

"My name is Molers; I am a preacher; and I am going over to Bingtown to hold a meeting, and it is a matter of considerable importance that I reach there early to-morrow morning."

"What kind of a preacher are you, Mr. Molers?"

"I am a Methodist preacher, sir."

"Well, Mr. Molers, I think I've heard tell of you. I guess you can stay all night at my house; but as for a horse, ye see, to go to Bingtown, such a thing can't be found in all Mudfog. But guess you can stay all night with me; but I've no horse for ye, ye see, to go to Bingtown, Mr. Molers."

"Thank you, Mr. Leedum, I will stay with you with great pleasure, provided you can accommodate me with supper, for I have eaten nothing since morning."

Aunt Lucy was standing with one hand on the bed-post and holding up her check apron with

the other during this hurried conversation, and at the mention of supper she remarked, "We've just et supper, and if ye can eat at the second table, why, jiss walk in t'other room."

Jonathan walked in, and twelve hours' fasting enabled him to make a considerable destruction of viands. Having ended his supper with alacrity and delight, he walked back and seated himself by the bedside of Uncle Shobek and stuck his feet close to the fire.

"How long have you been sick, Mr. Leedum?"

"Been sick about a month, haint it, Lucy?"

"Yes, jist about four weeks yesterday since we called the doctor," answered the old lady.

"Do you find it difficult to be contented and patient confined to your bed for so long a time?"

"I do that, Mr. Molers. I've always been an active man, ye see; never know'd what it was to be sick a day in my life before this. Can't tell what it's for; but may be it's all right. I used to be tolerable religious, ye see; but these railroads make a man worldly-minded. I've been prospered, Mr. Molers, and it did n't make me any better man," and the old man groaned and straightened his pillow and said, "Lucy, hand me a little water, my lips are so dry. Now, Mr. Molers—I ought to call you brother—I used to do that way; but as I was telling ye, prosperity did n't make me any better man. Set a little closer to the bed, I can't talk very loud. I used to go to meeting regular and had prayers at home, but, brother, I got off the track running so much after business. I got wealth, and wealth got my heart away from the right way. I got blind; I see now, brother, I got proud of my money and property—I haint proud now, brother. Ye see, I've nothing now but this old suffering body. Them things I used to call mine are all the Lord's; I see it now, brother. I was like Nebuchadnezzar, I gloried in 'em—nothing to glory in now, brother. O if I could feel like I once did I would n't begrudge any thing." Here the "old man" wiped the full tears from his eyes and seemed to grow restless and troubled. "Do n't expect I'm going to stay here long. I know the doctors say I'm better, Lucy. I'd like to stay a little longer for her sake, brother, and the children's. My way's dark, brother; the track looks all tore up, and it seems I can't raise a hand to fix it. I know, brother, the Lord is merciful, as you say; but I've been so ungrateful. I tried to forget him all the time he was doing so much for me. It was hard work, brother, getting back where I am; but I'm afraid I'll never get on where I once was. I'm like an old tree—branches all gone and ready to fall. Seems like I've no life in my heart. Like an old car shattered to pieces, laying off the track, fit

for nothing but kindling wood, I am, brother. O I do n't want to die this way. I can't bear it. Worse than all, it's my own doings. I would have things my own way. What a fool I was! I was just like the man in the Scriptures, who wanted so many barns. Ah me! I see it now. How bad I feel! Do n't cry, Lucy; 't a'nt your fault; she always was a good woman, brother; she told me many a time that we was n't doing right, throwing off religion so. She used to put the Bible on the stand, brother, when I came in nights. She kept on doing it long after I had no heart to pray. When I told her I did n't want to have prayers any more she looked like her heart would break. I tried to not notice it, I was so full of business; but it was hard work, brother. She talked religion to the children, brother, when I was thinking of nothing but money and land. I know you did, Lucy; I know you prayed for me, Lucy; that makes it worse, Lucy. I trampled on your prayers and the Lord's mercy. I would n't do it again, Lucy. I would n't treat you so any more, if I could live my life over. Now, brother Molers, I want you to read a chapter in the Bible and pray with us before you go to bed."

Aunt Lucy handed down the old Bible; the chapter was read. Jonathan then took the old hymn-book, which was considerably mutilated about the first hymns and the index, and turned to some old, familiar hymns and sung them. The old lady, Uncle Shobek, and one of the daughters joining in made grand music. The "old man's" voice seemed to gain strength in his efforts to keep with the tune. When they came to the good old hymn commencing,

"How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord," before it was concluded Uncle Shobek was rejoicing and praising at the top of his voice. At the conclusion of the prayer he thanked the Lord that the preacher had called at his house that night.

After resting quietly for a moment he turned his face around on his couch and said, "Jonas!"

"Sir."

"Is old 'Kit' in the stable?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she fit to ride?"

"I think she is; she ha' n't done any thing for a week."

"Well, you bring her out in the morning, and put on the new saddle for brother Molers to ride over to Bingtown, ye see?"

"Yes, sir."

Jonathan reached his appointment. Uncle Shobek recovered, and it is said that there is a great improvement in his religious habits.

THE DISCIPLINE OF CHILDREN.

"It is horrible cruelty—nay, even murder—not to punish a child."—**LUTHER.**

"Spare the rod and spoil the child."—**OLD PROVERB.**

If one is bound to ruin his children, the choice should be to do it by kindness rather than by brutality; but there is not the least need of hanging on either horn of this dilemma. Let every mortal child that is brought into this world be taught to obey its parents; let it be taught this while it is a little child, not humored and petted to death then, and taught hundreds of naughty tricks, which it must afterward be beaten to be broken of. If you can teach your child obedience without whipping him, so much the better; do n't whip such a child, it is cruelty; but if he won't fear nor obey without stripes, lay them on, but do n't be *looking* and *speaking* blows at him for a week afterward. While gentle, respectful, and obedient children are the sweetest things on earth, there are few things more disagreeable and repulsive than badly-managed and unruly children. No one can endure them, and their parents are justly despised.

Once get that central idea of unqualified obedience well grounded in your family, and your government stands firm. You need not be all the time laying on commands. Do not fetter your children; within certain limits leave them free; teach them that their rights shall be just as much respected as your own are; let them never have reason to doubt that you love them dearly, and that you punish them not for your own pleasure, or because you are angry and can safely vent your passion upon them, but for their good.

Children are clear-sighted and of quick feeling. They know well enough what feelings are apparent in the minds of those who correct them, and there is no possibility of beating a child when you are yourself angry, or when you do n't care for the pain you inflict, without doing him an injury.

T is enough to make one sorry to hear a new birth to reflect upon the wrongs which childhood is heir to. Poor little things! just starting upon a race for eternity, with only the time between birth and death given them to escape unenduring misery, and yet they are almost always set on a wrong track at the very beginning. Either by too much rigor and severity or by a weak and injudicious indulgence they are started wrong, wrong, all wrong; and hard indeed is it for them to right themselves when left to go on their way alone. If parents and teachers would spare some of their threats and then perform

what they promise they would find the benefit of it.

"You put your foot out of doors and I'll whip you as sure as you live," says a mother to her little girl. Pretty soon she sees Miss Lot out on the grass plot. Out she flies, and jerks the baby in with—

"What did I tell you? Are n't you going to mind me? Now, go out there *again* if you think it's your best way."

Baby *does* think it is her best way, for out she goes again as soon as her mother's back is turned. After a while the long-promised whipping comes, but baby is very much astonished at it. She had no idea that mamma really meant to do as she said. She heard such threats too many times, when, like many a low rumbling thunder-cloud, they had passed harmless by.

It is a pity that mothers will teach lessons of infidelity and falsehood to their dear children; but such a course as this does it. Make your offspring believe thoroughly in you, and it is a long step, and a sure one, toward their belief in God.

DIRGES.

BY MISS P. LANPHERE.

I HAVE stood by the bed of the dying,
Whose heart hath oft pillow'd my head,
I have seen where that pale form was lying,
In the cold, silent home of the dead.
The wind sighs around me so lonely,
It seems like the wail of the surge,
And each throb of my bosom is only
O'er the fallen and faded a dirge.

A dirge for the young and the loving
That glide from my desolate path,
As the splendors of sunset are moving
Away from the storm-king's wrath!
For my life is a stern, wild sorrow,
That looks from my weary eyes,
And the gloom of a darker morrow
O'er the pathway before me lies.

A dirge for the aged is ringing
Through the arches and aisles of my heart,
And a strange, weird voice is singing
Of the light that must still depart.
The sweet-brier rose is planted
O'er the faces for which I yearn;
But, O, how my soul is haunted
With the smiles that can ne'er return!

A dirge for the home of my childhood
That lieth so sad and alone;
For the mossy old rock in the wild wood
With the shadows across it thrown!
But, alas for the anguish lying
So still in the throbbing breast!
The dirge for the heart that is dying
Is sadder than all the rest.

A LEGEND.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

I MOURNED because the work my hands had wrought
Was in a moment unto ruin brought;
When one whose perfect faith no doubts could shake,
Unto my soul these words of courage spake:

"In the quaint records of the cloister cell,
The ancient monks this simple legend tell;
Ponder it well, and learn how God o'erthrows
The keenest malice of his crafty foes.

When the great voice first broke the ancient night,
The empty earth came naked to the light;
O'er her bare meadows, and her uplands cold,
No living robe of tender green was rolled.

Then spake Jehovah—be his name adored!—
Unto the angels, waiting for his word,
'Go scatter seeds upon the world below,
From all the plants that in my garden grow.'

Swift as the light they bore, at his command,
The germs of beauty to the barren land;
The Rose of Sharon and the trees that rise
Around the golden gates of paradise.

Satan beheld the work, and proudly thought
To bring the counsels of the Lord to naught;
So when the angels winged their homeward flight,
He hid the seeds beneath the ground from sight.

Next morn, behold, a miracle was seen—
On every plain uprose the living green;
The roses clustered where the fields were bare,
And fragrant lilies scented all the air.

Rank after rank the mighty forests stood,
And the great voice pronounced it *very good*;
While angels bowed adoring, with the song,
'Honor and majesty to God belong.'

O ye who sow with patient, toiling hand,
The seeds of virtue and truth through the land,
Though in the furrow tears may fall like rain,
They shall but haste the springing of the grain.
The powers of darkness for a time may try
To hide the treasure from your watchful eye,
Yet all our human blindness counts for ill,
Shall work for good to those who do His will."

JUNE.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

I LOVE, O how I love to watch
The milk-white lambs at play,
Where beams of golden sunlight bathe
The bright-green hills to-day:
Far from the noisy, clamoring world,
Of empty pomp and pride,
To sit and hear the brooklets sing
Adown the mountain's side;
And gaze upon the outstretched fields,
Where tiny blossoms raise
Their radiant faces heavenward,
In attitude of praise.
I love the wild bird's gushing hymn
Of untaught melody,

The soft south wind, the rustling leaves,
The grand old forest-tree:

And more than these, the deep-blue sky,
Which God's own hand hath spread;
With here and there crystal path
For angels' feet to tread.
And yet this sweet June morning wakes
A thought of other years;
A deathless love, a memory
That fills mine eyes with tears.

It speaks of one whose cup of life
From the same flowing fount
Was filled as mine—of a great heart,
Whose philanthropic beats are stilled.
Four years ago this morn we stood
Together—he and I!
The dew-drops on the meadows gleamed,
The winds went whistling by:

Joy palpitated in the flowers
And in the sun's soft glow,
And halleluiahs rose from bird,
And beast, and brooklet's flow.
Absorbed in thought awhile he seemed,
Then asked, most earnestly,
'If this is poor, sin-stricken earth,
O what can heaven be?"

The breezes blow as bland as then,
The flowers as gently wave,
But ah! this blessed sunlight falls
In ripples on his grave!
The vail, the vail, his feet have passed,
And now instinctively
My heart takes up his yearning cry,
'O! what can heaven be?"
That land, untrod by mortal feet,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Unfathomed depths, hights unattained,
Realms unexplored, reply,
'Vain questioning: to man, nor saint,
Nor angel is it given;
Infinity alone can tell
The blessedness of heaven."

PRAISE FOREVER.

BY E. L. BICKNELL.

METHOUGHT as I gazed on the pallid brow,
Whence the light of life had fled,
On the closed, silent lip, and fast-shut eye,
Of a sister, cold and dead—
She, who had gathered wild flowers by my side,
And our love, which naught could sever—
If I proved faithful, death's storm to outride,
We would then praise God forever.
'T will be a full theme and an endless song,
Untiring and varied hymn,
To be tuned with harps by a white-robed throng—
Redemption from death and sin.
There are other notes which I long to hear,
And to part again, O never!
But for them, and the love I bore them here,
We will then praise God forever.

IMPORTANCE OF ATTENTION TO BELLES-LETTRES.

BY THEACE TALMON.

WHAT is belles-lettres? The student replies, that department of literature which treats of aesthetic discourse. The plain truth is, belles-lettres is the study of the beautiful, whether in nature or art. Every one is more or less interested in the beautiful, for this is natural. Even the infant early recognizes something which touches this perception of nature. From the lowest to the highest in the scale of intelligence there is some consciousness of a harmony and fitness of things which generally may be termed beauty. God saw that this little planet of ours, when it was finished, was very good, which signified that its beautiful adaptation to future use was perfect. "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

As all spontaneous emotions require culture for development into high attainment subservient to best uses, it is a matter of no slight importance that this taste for the beautiful should receive proper direction. While ethics, metaphysics, mathematics, and the sciences receive due attention, the department of belles-lettres has been too much overlooked by the ordinary student and thinker as too nearly allied to a higher scope of liberal culture, or as too unpractical to require any degree of attention by those whose chief concern is with common life. But every one may with profit study those laws which govern the world of the beautiful, by which is signified whatever is the expression of the philosophy of taste, in order to appreciate the most elevated demonstrations of the outer and inner world, and to make personal progress in thought and its expression. This will assist in the appreciation of the element of harmony and fitness which may be extracted from every branch of knowledge.

Had not the Creator designed that this love of the beautiful should receive cultivation, he would not have bestowed beauty on the earth; and that he designed the universal cultivation of this taste, as well as in certain marked instances, is evident from the fact of beauty from his hand being lavished here, there, and everywhere—in the wildest and most isolated portions of the earth, as well as in those places evidently adapted for the especial attention of populations.

But we now find gems of a most precious water hidden away in the bowels of the earth; far from the haunts of men the clearest silver streams winding in obedience to all the laws of grace, amid the dark boscage of the luxuriant meadows; delicate and exquisite traceries among

the seams of huge ledges of "the everlasting hills," and fair, odorous blooms in the wild and solemn forests. An eminent poet describes this element of beauty in the wood in these impressive words:

"Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince
In all that proud old world beyond the deep
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding love,
That is the soul of this wide universe."

Another reason which may be assigned to prove that God especially designed the exercise of this culture of the beautiful is, that the first abode of man, which he distinguished with his visible presence, was made by him infinitely lovely in all perfections of beauty. The very word *Eden* signifies a place of supreme felicity and delight. And in his direct commands to Moses for the building and finishing of the tabernacle for his worship he said: "And thou shalt make two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them, in the two ends of the mercy-seat. And the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy-seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another," etc. He then gives express commands concerning the candlestick of pure gold, flowered and of beaten work, the curtains of fine twined linen of blue, and purple, and scarlet, wrought with needle-work, with blue loops and golden taches or clasps, the sockets and fillets of silver, pillars of the rarest wood, and bars overlaid with pure gold, the ephod of precious stones united to the breastplate of cunning work in settings of gems, with ouches and wreathen chains of pure gold and blue lace, and the plate of pure gold, on which was to be graven, *Holiness to the Lord*. Thus we see that this display of art, according to the highest laws of the beautiful, was expressly commanded by God as an acceptable sacrifice to his worship if all were solemnly consecrated to his name. This great example should warn us against permitting our love of the beautiful to degenerate into mere idolatry. When we unduly estimate the work of human hands, however rare and beautiful it may be, we sin greatly in his sight. On all should be inscribed, *Holiness to the Lord*.

The study of belles-lettres will not only cultivate the mind for appreciation of the higher departments of nature and art theoretically, but may be made to directly subserve the uses of practical life. As an instance of this may be cited landscape gardening. A man who has accomplished some cultivation of the principles of aesthetics, whether accidentally or otherwise, will arrange his residence with strict attention to the effects of the beautiful. If his home be a country seat, he will have picturesque groups of noble trees on the smooth, emerald lawn, which will shed masses of grateful shade over the rustic arbor or chair. Again, trees will be removed, so that there may be partially opened a fine prospect of the neighboring town, or of a silver sheet of water. Flowers and shrubs will be trained to grow just where one would most delight to find them. Statuary will be distributed in the best angles for their effects, and not on the open spaces, in the way. Every thing which is a deformity will be removed or concealed by some fortunate art of decoration; while whatever is lovely, or rare, or curious will be introduced with the nicest care for the finest and noblest effects.

Not less may this taste be turned to account about the low-roofed home of the less-pretending individual. Here, vines will be trained to wave their graceful streamers over the rude lattice by the door. The path to the rustic gate will be smooth and tempting. A clump of lilacs will shed their May perfume in the angles of the yard. On the rough stones of the wall will nestle the green and tenacious houseleek, and among the interstices will twine the golden nasturtium. The musical bees will sing around the painted hives under the retiring orchard trees. Roses will peep forth by the fences and paths and beneath the small windows, on the sills of which will smile the pot of mignonette and other house plants, dividing with the curtain tassels the favoritism of the tortoise-shell kitten.

It is not the greatest expense which produces the finest effects. In the case of landscape gardening, much may be accomplished by employing spare moments, with care, industry, and, above all, with a cultivated eye for fitness and harmony in arrangement.

That there is a difference in the mental organization of persons, in regard to this taste for the beautiful, is evident; but there is no mind, however practically plain its exercises, but what has this taste in some degree, so that it may be awakened, by cultivation, into partial development, at least.

To the one who has never had this taste cultivated there is nothing truly beautiful. To all external aspects they are stolidly indifferent, or

in a state of antagonism. The landscape, however picturesque, is only "some hills, woods, a smoke in the sky, an open place of grass, and a brook running on till it stops." The orchestra of Nature is only "frogs croaking, locusts grating, and birds screaming." A lovely morning is good in their sight, because the weather will be fine for some practical purpose. Their residence is selected without any eye to the beautiful in nature or art. The house, forbidding in external aspect, stands on a barren plat of sand. An unsightly tree, in the stages of decay, scratches its scraggy claws against the window panes in every wind. The fences are too regular and homely; the stile broken and rough. Trees are cut down just where they were most required for shade; and others suffered to remain where they totally obscure the best views of the distance. A rough, earthy bank or an angular rock is left in the most conspicuous spot, without garniture or verdure. All is unsightly, and therefore unlovely.

Too often the minds and dispositions of the indwellers of such a home correspond with these external appearances.

"The owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert here."

There is beauty in every phase of nature, however paradoxical this may at first thought appear. The affinities of the human mind to discover this beauty, in a greater or less degree, are universal. They are not limited to those who have been influenced by culture and civilization; for among the earliest peoples of all nations of the earth we find traces of recognition of this principle of aesthetics, in their mythological traditions and geographical records. This is especially evident in the history of the North American Indians. Their fables and tales are greatly distinguished for the presence of this element. Their names are selected with reference to correspondence with the beautiful in nature, while the utmost simplicity of idea is rigidly preserved. As, for example, the names of the seasons in the Ojibwa tongue: Pe-bon, winter, from *kone*, signifying *snow*; se-gwan, spring, from *seeg*, signifying *running water*; ne-bin, summer, from *anib*, meaning *a leaf*; fa-gwa-gi, autumn, from *gwag*, signifying *a root*, which ends a series. The moon is called dibik *geezis*, or *night sun*. Ohio is an exclamation, signifying an extended and beautiful water prospect or landscape.

Their traditions, also, of the land of souls, constituting their religion, are largely characterized for this element. For example, may be cited extracts from their tales of a young chief's visit to the spirit-land, as rendered by a historian of the Indians: "You see yonder gulf," said the guide,

'and the wide-stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders; but you can not take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows. You will find them safe on your return.' So saying, he re-entered his lodge, and the freed traveler bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path, with a freedom which seemed to tell him there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing, in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows. When he had traveled a half-day's journey through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the center of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of white shining stone, tied to the shore. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, then pushed from the shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow him up; but just as he entered the whitened edge of them, they seemed to melt away as if they were but the images of waves. He marked the *clearness of the water*, through which he could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let him pass, for his actions had not been bad. He saw many others struggling in the waves; some passed, some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length, every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and he leaped out on the happy island. Here the very air was food. He wandered over the blissful fields, where every thing was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests—no ice—no chilly winds: no one suffered for hunger; none mourned for the dead. He saw no graves; heard of no wars. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever; but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in the soft breeze. 'Go back,' said this voice, 'to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man,' etc. When

this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. He was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger and tears."

Examples of this development of the love for the beautiful, in all the savage tribes of which we have accounts, might be multiplied indefinitely.

Since this taste is seen to have been designed and ordained by God, and to be bestowed universally, in varying degrees, and that its cultivation contributes to many of the highest and best uses of life, it should be the pleasure of every student to give this department of knowledge some degree of studious attention. Although he may, at first, be sensible of no pleasure or profit derived from this study, the gradual cultivation of this taste will unfold a world which had hitherto been beyond his vision, and means for practical ends over which he has had no power.

With the acquisition of this knowledge, the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall bloom as the rose; the soul is linked to heaven with "wreathen chains" of beauty, and is thus prepared for a higher appreciation of those perfected glories, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

In all this the practical will be mingled with the theoretical, so that the study of belles-lettres will be as serviceable to the learner, who is preparing to become the busy utilitarian, as to him who designs to make supplementary attainments in the higher departments of the liberal arts.

Among the practical uses to our own sex, of a suitable culture of a taste for the beautiful, may be mentioned the art of personal appearance, and also the furnishing of the apartments of the home.

If a lady has read, thought, and observed upon this subject so that her taste be rightly *toned*, she may render herself far more pleasing to the eye of others, even though really plain or ugly, than one who is what is called beautiful by nature, who disregards all the suggestions of cultivated taste—and this not by indulging expensive tastes or by an unwarrantable fastidiousness. Every one may be somewhat beautiful, perhaps positively so, by a fitting development of mind, temper, manner, and by a good adjustment of the "outward adorning." Who does not number some one of their acquaintance, of whom it may be said, "She would be really ugly, were it any other than herself; but she dresses in such faultless taste, her smile is so winning, her voice so kindly, her eye so intelligent, her words so fitly chosen, and her general manner so delightfully peculiar to herself, that she is really beautiful after all." How often is it also said of some

other: "She is handsome, I suppose; but her manner is so repulsive—or so simpering, or awkward—and she is altogether such an unlovely person, I never think of her beauty."

It is a sad mistake to imitate the reigning mode servilely, at the sacrifice of one's own harmony of style. Neither should one wish to look exactly like any other one, because that other is called beautiful. A brunette may be equally pleasing as a blonde; so may a petite figure, as one distinguished for superb proportions.

There should be a harmony of appropriateness between the dress and the style of *physique*, and also with the time, place, and means. This largely contributes to a beautiful effect far more than slavishly copying every fashion, however ridiculous and incongruous. No lady should ever look *made up* of a little of this, more of that, and a great deal of something else, all falsely set off against a manner equally unbecoming. This is inharmonious in tone, as artists would say, and spoils even great beauty by nature.

Every woman should avoid those deleterious arts of the toilet, too often now in practice even among our leaders of what is termed good society. What is more contrary to the true elements of beauty than a rouged cheek or a blackened eyebrow! No one is beautiful who has made her complexion by cosmetics. Every one can detect the unsightly daub.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie her,
To see herself as ithers see her!"

The sallowness and honeycomb wrinkles which succeed this artificial *beauty*, ought to powerfully deter from the practice. Let each one seek to procure her own natural style of look and manner, accompanied by a suitable cultivation of a taste for the beautiful, which first of all includes order, neatness, propriety, and the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit.

Not less should the home be arranged by woman, with an eye to the really beautiful, as connected with suitableness and utility. No room should be dark, repulsive, tomb-like; neither should it wear a look of negligence and waste; nor should it be prim and precise to a pain. A cottage should not be furnished like a large rambling mansion, nor *vice versa*. If a man expends largely for the decorations of his house, his wife may spoil all by a bad arrangement, careless misuse, and thoughtless neglect. But a wife with good taste will make a little go a great way toward comfort, beauty, and even elegance.

Let the home be arranged with thoughts of cheerfulness, enjoyment, and reasonable use, rather than for show, stately appearance hiding real unsightliness, and a slavish fear that some-

body will take real comfort with something, which, it is hoped, will survive the owner's poor, perishing mortality. Then will the dearest place of earth be as beautiful as it is beloved.

MISSIONARY LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY ERWIN HOUSE, A. M.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE left Mr. and Mrs. Hunt as they disembarked, January 7, 1839, at Lakemba. Mr. Hunt's first effort to preach to the natives, in their own language, was made about one month afterward.

Under date of March 18th he says: "I am able now to take two or three services in a week. I have to use rather copious notes; but intend to do this for some time to come, as they will do for the people to read after they have heard them, till they can have something better."

Just before Mr. Hunt's arrival in Fiji a profession of Christianity had been made by Namosimalua, chief of Viwa, a small but important island off the coast of Great Fiji, on which Rewa is situated. Namosimalua had been one of the greatest monsters of crime that ever Fiji had produced, and hundreds of men and women had fallen beneath his club. There never was any ground for hope that this man had become converted; yet his profession of religion was certainly attended by the giving up of many of his evil practices, while he at times warmly espoused the cause of Christianity. His countenance and help were of great use to the mission, notwithstanding his lack of religious principle, and already there were forty persons in Viwa who professed to be Christians. In Rewa also the power of the Gospel was beginning to be felt. Several poor creatures were saved from being buried alive, and the missionaries were encouraged by seeing the indirect influence of the truth.

The king showed Mr. Hunt and Mr. Cross, with their families, marked respect, but was not inclined to examine the claims of the new religion. Several of the chiefs were friendly to the missionaries, and sought opportunities to question them; but their fear of the king prevented them from exhibiting any great earnestness. Two very bad men, however, were awakened under preaching and embraced Christianity, showing by their lives a radical change of heart. One of them had previously been the greatest devourer of human flesh on the island.

The changed lives of such men as these could not but awaken interest and inquiry; but the people were afraid to hear the missionaries, lest, by listening, they should seem to have gone over

to their religion—a step which few dared to take till their rulers set the example.

Mr. Hunt worked on with unfailing diligence, striving by hard study at home, and by frequent conversation with the people, to get a thorough knowledge of the language. Sometimes the friendliness of the natives became a sore trouble. They were in the house, at the doors, standing over the tables, watching the cooking, and doing every thing almost that violated good manners.

June 18th a chief of some importance was converted; but another chief of still higher rank hearing of the matter, became offended at the step, and charged one of the Christians with persuading him. To punish this man he went to his house and took away an ax and the greater part of his property. The robbed man bore the indignity with much meekness. Shortly after the same chief, becoming furious at some trifling circumstance connected with the little society of native Christians, determined to plunder all of them. In the middle of the night, therefore, he collected above five hundred men, and, putting himself at their head, visited and robbed nearly every *Lotu*—Christian—family in Rewa, taking away all they possessed, except the grass on which their mats had been spread. The sufferers bore, with a marvelous meekness, "the spoiling of their goods." Of the event Mr. Hunt remarks: "I saw for the first time Fiji Christians in the fire, and they shone well, and bore the test beyond my expectations."

July 22d Messrs. Lyth and Hunt, with their wives, left the island of Rewa for a new station called Somosomo, a town of great importance, and one of the chief centers of power in Fiji, situated on the shore of the picturesque and fruitful island of Taviuni. Somosomo was a Sodom of cruelty and corruption. Cannibalism reigned in its midst, unchecked and supreme. The missionaries knew the dangers to which they were exposing themselves. Yet with a firm reliance in Heaven they went forward. Their arrival was treated with a cool indifference. "I sent for you to come to Somosomo," said the old King to Mr. Hunt, "but I wanted you to bring many knives and hatchets." Nevertheless, in the course of a day or two he moderated in feeling somewhat, and a good-sized house, with three rooms, was furnished the missionaries. It was any thing but comfortable, or what was wanted, but the King refused to allow the missionaries to build with their own hands even any better one.

It was not long till Messrs. Hunt and Lyth had fearful proof that the reports they had heard about Somosomo were true. About the time of their arrival news came that Ra Mbithi, one of the King's sons, was lost at sea; and it was

forthwith ordered that all his wives should be strangled, that they might accompany him to the land of spirits. At once the missionaries entered upon their work of mercy, and went to the King to pray for the women's lives. They succeeded in saving a few, but this record in their journal tells the rest: "On the morning of August 8th we heard the cries of the poor females and their friends, and soon they were unmercifully strangled. We were obliged to be in the midst of it; and truly their cries and wailings were awful. Soon after they were murdered, they were brought to be buried about twenty yards from our house." This slaughter of sixteen women was followed by a kind of festival, which lasted for several days and nights; and at midnight the inmates of the mission-house were startled by the hoarse blast of conchs, and the hideous yells and whoops of the dancers. Many men and women suffered the amputation of a finger-joint in connection with this festival; and the whole concluded by the distribution, one afternoon, of one hundred baked pigs, one of which was sent to the missionaries.

The strangers continued to live peaceably in the house furnished by the King and were treated kindly by the people; but their attempts to teach seemed of little avail. As the year advanced, however, sorrows and troubles came. In September an influenza, of a very obstinate kind, visited Somosomo. Many of the natives said angrily that it was a disease of the *Lotu*—the new religion. Mrs. Hunt fell ill with the disease, and before she recovered was attacked with dysentery, which brought her very low. But none of these things, deeply as they stirred the loving heart of the man, had any power to move John Hunt from his great work. In his journal are, about this time, recorded these words: "I have not been able to do much this week in consequence of having to be nurse. It is some time since I had a good night's sleep; but

"Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here."

October 10th, after twelve days of severe suffering, Mr. Hunt's only little boy died. Referring to the event, the mother said: "The trial is great, but the only thing which revolts me is the laying of his dear body among the slain of Fiji. If he could only have been buried in Tonga, or any Christian land, the bereavement would not have been half so severe." The father said of the matter: "Trials come and blessings, too—up yonder, in the better land, I hope one day to meet my darling, now safe in the Savior's arms."

Not long after the burial a tyrant chief, Tukihakila by name, approached the mission-house

in a flaming passion, flung open the door, crying out, "Au sa cudru sara!—I am very angry!" He seized Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth, one in each hand, and drew them toward the door, where he had left his club, designing to make short work with them. Mercifully, however, God protected. Their words of entreaty prevailed, and the chief released them, after having struck Mr. Lyth a stunning blow in the face.

It required a faith, something above ordinary, in the workers to keep to their work on this mission. In the midst of abominations that the pen ought not, if it had power even, to describe, they toiled on; and while little or no success appeared, they hoped and trusted that there was good done which they could not see. To Mr. Hunt's earnest heart this must have been a sore trial, and he wrote: "Our prospects are rather mysterious. The work of God is going on, I doubt not; but we have not much *appearance* of good." It was sowing time, and, as the precious seed fell and was hidden, the sowers watched, and watched, eager to begin the ingathering. But the harvest was not yet to be. "To my closet," said Mr. Hunt, "I retreat when the clouds lower blackest, and when to human sight there is no bright spot beyond. The social means of grace which we and a few—O *how* few!—of the natives enjoy, are times of blessed peace. Never can I forget these seasons."

Besides the work of sermonizing and systematic Biblical study, Mr. Hunt, while surrounded by cannibal savages, contemplated and undertook the work of writing a treatise on Christian perfection! A strange work in a land like Fiji; but he persevered in it, and at this date a book of over two hundred pages duodecimo, entitled, "Letters on Sanctification, by Rev. John Hunt, Somosomo," is on the catalogue of books published by John Mason, 66 Paternoster Row, London.

At the beginning of 1840 things looked darker than ever at Somosomo. One day eleven dead men were dragged just in front of the mission-house. They had been killed at Lauthala, a neighboring town, to avenge the murder of a Somosoman by some of the inhabitants. With exact and ceremonious order the corpse of a chief, one of the eleven, was set apart for the god, and the others divided among the several tribes. The chief's body was quietly and skillfully cut in pieces within a few yards of the mission-house, and the other bodies were taken to different quarters of the town, where they were speedily cooked and eaten. The people seemed to become doubly savage after their horrid feast, and some of the chiefs came and tried hard to get up a quarrel with the missionaries, who for some

time were nearly without food; for the people feared to supply them, lest they should incur the wrath of their King. The missionaries applied to him again and again, but they and their offerings were slighted. On one occasion the King said, "No, I will not let you have food; Jehovah may give you a pig." When this answer was reported at the mission-house one of the party—Mrs. Hunt—said, "Now I believe the Lord will make *him* give us food, since he himself has put us into the hands of God." And so it fell out. In a letter Mr. Hunt says, "We felt our circumstances peculiarly trying; but having no help but our God, and no object but to live or die in his cause, we cast ourselves on his mercy, and calmly waited the end. At length we determined to try what kindness would do, and took the King a present. We asked the direction and blessing of God before we took it, and our dear wives continued in earnest prayer, while we were away, that we might be guided aright. The Lord heard prayer. The King received us kindly, was much pleased with our present, and gave us a pig as an offering, he said, to Jehovah. This ended the whole affair."

Nearly the whole of June, 1840, was spent by the people of Somosomo in preparing for a war which lasted till nearly the end of the year. During this time the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission-house, that the smell from them was sickening; and the young King furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives, if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench.

The year 1841 opened with rumors of fresh wars, whereby the mission, so far as Somosomo was concerned, was greatly hindered, though the consequent influx of strangers gave the missionaries frequent opportunities of teaching those whom, otherwise, they could never have reached. In February and March, of the same year, all the members of the mission household were ill, and Mr. and Mrs. Lyth lost a child by croup, and buried him under the little house where Mrs. Hunt's baby was laid. Mrs. Hunt was sick for several months, and required almost hourly attention, but the faith of none failed.

At the beginning of 1842 it was arranged that Mr. Hunt should attend to the towns and villages round about Somosomo, while his colleague took charge of the mission work at home. The following extract from a sermon on Matthew xvi, 24, shows his style of giving the truth to the natives:

"Religion is difficult. And what is not that is useful? A garden full of grass or weeds is very

easily grown; but of what use is such a garden? A bad canoe is easily made; but it is of no use. A bad house is soon built; but it is of no use. Good gardens, canoes, houses, axes, knives, whale's teeth, etc., are all difficult to get; but they are all useful. Medicine is sometimes very bitter; but it is very useful. So it is with religion. Our minds don't like it; but it is that by which we live.

"Your way of healing your sick is much easier than ours. When a person is sick, you neglect them, or bury them alive, or strangle them. This is very easy. We watch our sick, give them medicine, and feed them. This is difficult; but our sick often recover, and yours die. Ours is the difficult way; but it is the way to live. Yours is the easy way; but it is the way of death. So it is with your religion. It is easy; but it is the way of death. Ours is difficult; but it is the way of life.

"But our religion is not always difficult. It is only so when we first begin. By and by it becomes easy. When we obtain a new heart then our way is easy. Begin, then. Do n't mind the difficulty."

In August, 1842, Mr. Hunt went to occupy the Viwa station, vacated by Mr. Cross, whose ill health required his removal to Somosomo, where he might be under the medical treatment of Mr. Lyth. Referring to his experience in Somosomo, on embarking for Viwa, Mr. Hunt wrote these words: "When we first went to Somosomo, the principal chiefs were quite impatient of reproof. They did not hesitate at all to say, that the customs of eating flesh and strangling were good, and considered us their enemies because we lifted up our voice against them. We did not desist, however, till we had told them the truth; and we soon saw the result, in three instances especially. A town had been taken in war, without a man being killed. A large canoe had been launched, and had made her first voyage, without a single instance of cannibalism; and the Somosomo people have feasted their superiors—the Mbau people—for several weeks, without a single dead body. The practice on the islands is always to kill a number of human beings, and wash the deck of every new canoe as it goes on its first voyage. In the first instance we were *one cause*, instrumentally, of the people being spared; in the second, perhaps the *only cause*; and in the third, perhaps the *only cause*, too; *but we had not directly to interfere*; for the influence which truth had on the minds of the people made our interference unnecessary. Thus is custom overcome; Satan's power is broken and the reign of passion is checked; and even Fijians are beginning to *think*, and to allow reason to have a place in their conduct in life."

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt reached Viwa, August 30, 1842, just three years after the commencement there by Mr. Cross. Viwa is one of the small islets which rise from the reef on the eastern coast of Na Viti Levu, or great Fiji. At the time of Mr. Hunt's landing there, it was of great political importance; in fact, was the seat of the highest power in the group. The Chief of Viwa, Namosimaloa, was a man of great note. He had previously been engaged in every conspiracy, robbery, and war possible; but under the preaching and tuition of Mr. Cross had professed conversion. There was also a society of one hundred and twenty native Christians, who evidenced by their walk the genuineness of the change in their hearts. Notwithstanding, however, these comparatively-favorable circumstances, the progress of the truth was slow.

During the earlier months of 1844, several conversions took place, and a good many made outward profession of Christianity. Growing influence was gained by the administering of medicine, and Mr. Hunt had quite a little hospital at Viwa. Day by day, at a fixed time, a bell was rung, when, very frequently, as many as thirty patients would present themselves; some blear-eyed with ophthalmia, some scaly with leprosy, and the rest suffering with divers ailments. Persons of importance were brought as far as ninety miles, to be under the missionary's care. He was remarkably successful in his treatment, and in many cases the patients joined the *Lotu*.

Sunday, May 26th, he chronicles as a great day. Prayer meeting, as usual, was held in the forenoon, at the close of which ten persons were baptized. During the ceremony many persons were affected to tears. The Queen of Viwa, a woman of more than ordinary mental strength, was completely overwhelmed. Her heart seemed literally to be broken, and she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all that Mr. Hunt could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women and some of the men roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As soon as the baptism was concluded, singing followed, in which over one hundred persons, many of them formerly of the very worst type of cannibals, engaged. "The occasion," says Mr. Hunt, "was a very affecting one. These people chanted, 'We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be our Lord,' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents. I weep while I think of it. What a gracious God is our God! and blessed be his glorious name forever! After the services the Queen came to my house, her countenance sad and her

eyes full of tears. My wife and self prayed with and directed her, and in a few hours the perfect liberty was experienced. Glory be to his holy name! excellent and blessed for evermore!"

The Queen continued, amid many and violent temptations and trials, to witness a good confession.

In the fall of 1844 the missionaries were cheered beyond measure by the profession of Christianity on the part of a bloody and powerful chief, named Verani, the nephew of the chief of Viwa. His was no empty profession. He abandoned all his wives but one, and was married to her. He studied hard, and soon became so well informed as to be able to lead class and subsequently to preach as a local preacher.

The clouds that had hung so long and heavy over their path seemed parting, and the missionaries began to rejoice. One of the prayer and love-feast meetings among the native Christians is thus described. It is a fair sample of the kind of meetings held during the great revival in progress: "I opened the services with singing and prayer, and told the people that the meeting was for the confession of sin, and pleading for God's mercy, through Jesus Christ. I then stated that any one who felt disposed to pray aloud could so do; whereupon Paul, a quiet, gentle old Christian, began to pray with much feeling. All the people bowed down in solemn recognition of the manifest presence of God. And the Spirit of life moved upon those prostrate hearts. There was a general heaving, and then a sound of quiet weeping and emotion that could hardly be repressed. Neither could it be checked long. A deep groan burst out, and a bitter cry answered it; and one after another sobbed and called on Jesus for mercy, till many voices joined in prayer and weeping before God. Some would have deemed it a sadly-discordant noise; but it made true harmony with the praise of watching angels. Before long, some who had been Christians in name for months, trusted fully on Him whose religion they had hitherto only professed; and feeling the joy which comes by believing, they prayed on behalf of others, and many cried aloud in an agony. The meeting closed early, but the work went on. The penitents went to weep at home, and continued all night in prayer. And now an ingathering began, and God's servants rejoiced exceedingly. For several days ordinary business was almost suspended, and from many a house in Viwa, and from the chief's house most of all, could be heard far off the sound of those who mourned and cried for mercy. There was nothing silly or wild in what the converts said; indeed, we were astonished at the manner in which they expressed themselves, both in prayer

and praise, and in their exhortations to others, after they found peace. Some of the cases were the most remarkable I have ever seen, heard of, or read of; yet only such as one might expect the conversion of such dreadful murderers and cannibals would be."

About this time an event occurred which tried, in a manner the most terrible, the faith of the missionaries and converts. We can not better give it than in the words of the volume before us:

"While the Gospel brought its blessings of peace and love to Viwa the old religion of the people seemed to have put on the strength of despair, and cursed and crushed them as it never had before. On either side of them, and very near, the Viwan Christians watched the fury of the most terrible war that Fiji had known, marked by barbarous cruelties more fiendish than the oldest could remember. The new converts were exposed to danger because of their refusal to join Mbau in the war with Rewa; and Thakombau himself, the King, stated that, had it not been for the presence of the missionaries, Viwa should certainly have been destroyed. To a few poor Christians on the island of Ovalau, he sent word that they must either give up their Christianity or come to Mbau and be cooked. They replied: 'It is very easy for us to come to Mbau and be cooked; but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity.' Soon after they received a message, telling them that Viwa was to be destroyed, and that they must go to the doomed place and share its punishment. They all went.

"The Christians seemed to be made only more faithful by the discipline of persecution and annoyance, to which their religion subjected them; and to the joy of their teachers, they stood firm and prospered, till the storm passed away, and there was peace once more.

"As the war with Rewa neared its crisis, its horrors increased, and the persecutions of the Christians became more malignant. At the beginning of December a number of Somosomo people came to Mbau. Thirty captured Rewans were cooked for their entertainment, and it was noised abroad that the Christians should furnish the next meal. A plot was laid for the destruction of Viwa; but it failed.

"The Mbau King ordered that no food should be taken to Viwa; but before its inhabitants felt the pressure of the prohibition, Rewa fell by treachery, and its smoking ruins were the scene of a bloody pillage. The King, with his army, arrived at Viwa, fresh from the slaughter. The great man came, in savage mood, to the mission-house, just as breakfast was ended. Mr. Hunt had gone into the town; but Mr. Watsford was at home. Thakombau sat down by Mrs. Hunt, who

offered him tea and food. He drank the tea, but flung the bread back, and asked haughtily for Mr. Hunt. He had been sent for, and a messenger was dispatched for the Viwan Chief Namosimalua, who came presently, entering the house, with submissive respect, on his hands and knees. As he crossed the room, the King said, 'Split his head with an ax!' Just then Mr. Hunt's voice was heard, saying, as if all were well, 'Sa loloma Saka—My love to you, sir!' This made a diversion, and saved the Viwan's head. Thakombau then declared that he had come to execute his threats. Mr. Hunt begged him to adjourn to the stone house; and there the missionaries pleaded with him, for a long while, to be merciful.

"The Christian natives were very firm. Two of them meeting near the mission-house, shook hands warmly, and, with a cheerful smile, exclaimed, 'Heaven is very near!' They even prepared food to set before their enemies. They retired to the bush—their usual place for prayer—and many a voice was heard there in exulting praise, and many praying for the salvation of their persecutors.

"The heathens said, 'O, if you missionaries would go away! It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away, you would not have reached Moturiki'—an island close by—'before all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!'

"While the consultation was going on in the stone house, Lydia Vatea, the converted Queen, entered, and on her knees, with many tears, besought her kinsman Thakombau to join the *Lotu* which he threatened to destroy. She told how happy the religion of Jesus made her, and how it fortified her against all fear of death. The great chief wondered at this strange religion, which enabled its disciples to be so happy in prospect of the ovens.

"All that day, the returning warriors, armed with clubs and muskets, were arriving at Viwa, till the place was filled and surrounded with the forces of Mbau, against whom the few Christians were powerless. But they showed no wish to resist. They were God's people, and he, in whom they trusted, cared for them. In proportion as the heathens grew in number, so they seemed to waver in purpose, till they said, 'We came to kill these people, and we can not lift a hand.' Toward night they withdrew quietly, acknowledging that the Christian's God was too strong for them. As they passed through the bush to their canoes, many of the converted Viwans, whom they had come to destroy, accompanied them, carrying for them the clubs which had been brought for the expected slaughter.

"After this, the dark and imminent storm passed away, and the missionaries and their charge were left in comparative security and freedom."

During the years 1845, 1846, and 1847 the revival spirit, with more or less of interruptions, continued to prevail, and on the first day of Dec. 1uber, 1847, the membership of Viwa was 1,730, with 159 on trial.

The year 1848 opened with fair prospects, but there was a chapter of darkness in its last months which mortal skill could not now read. In July Mr. Hunt was prostrated with a disease of the bowels, approaching to inflammation, peculiar to Fiji, always dangerous to and much dreaded by foreign residents. In August he was quite helpless, and suffered acute and long-continued pain. But in his sharpest agony, the sufferer's heart had rest. Prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him. Some whom he had been the first to lead to the mercy-seat now prayed mightily that he might be spared. Verani, the nephew of Namosimalua, to whose conversion we have referred, especially, was earnest in his supplications for Mr. Hunt's restoration: "O Lord! we know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If one must die, take me! Take ten of us! But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

The disease abated somewhat, and Mr. Hunt was able to sit up again and walk about the room with a stick. His heart yearned with a feeling more than earthly for the success of the work committed to him; but he had just trodden the dim path which lies along the mysterious confines of the two worlds. The light of the eternal and unchangeable had broken up the shadows of that borderland of darkness and storm, causing him to see things as he never had before; and a still, small voice, which the stooping ear of loving watchers could not catch, had told him that he must die.

In September a relapse came, and then all knew the end was not far off; but the missionary had peace. "I have feelings about my Savior," said he, "which I can not express. I feel him a perfect Savior. I never before had such views of his ability and willingness to save—never—never."

He spoke calmly and trustfully about his decease, with Mrs. Hunt; he reviewed the way in which God had led them, and then, as they looked forth to the coming separation—O what a looking forth was *that* in that far-away land of the south seas!—he said, "Let us leave it all to the Lord. He knows what is best for each of his own." She replied, "Yes, my dear, we will give ourselves to Him for life and for death." He

joyfully answered, "O yes! that is how we began, and that is how we'll finish."

On the 26th, a fellow-missionary, Mr. Calvert, read to him John xviii, and then prayed at his bedside. It was evident that Mr. Hunt joined very earnestly in the prayer, and he was observed to weep. When those who had just united in committing their great, crushing care to Him who cared for them, stood looking at the dying man, they marked how he kept on silently weeping. In a little while his emotion increased, and he sobbed as though in acute distress. Then, when the pent-up feeling could no longer be withheld, he cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji! thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji! my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!"

"On Wednesday morning, October 4th, Mr. Hunt's face showed that mysterious change, which no one can describe, but which makes those who never saw it before tremble—the change of approaching death.

"Noon came swiftly to the watching ones around that bed, and he whom they watched was rapidly getting weaker. An hour after Mr. Lyth said to him, as he lay there often smiling, and always worshiping, 'You are very happy, brother Hunt.' He answered, 'Yes. I am getting weaker.' 'Yes, you are getting near the port; you are crossing the river, and the Lord Jesus is with you.' A whisper started from the dying lips, 'Glory!' 'You see a bright prospect before you,' continued his faithful friend. 'I see nothing but Jesus,' was his quick and emphatic answer.

"About three in the afternoon his right arm rose, as if convulsively, and, as he turned on his side, grasped his fellow-missionary, Calvert, who put his arms round him. For a few minutes there was heavy and broken breathing, and then a solemn hush disturbed by the sob of a widow: 'Lord, comfort my poor heart!' and an earnest 'Amen' from those who stood round.

"Leaving his body in his brother's arms, John Hunt, the missionary, died.

"The sad news soon spread through Viwa, and the natives came to look on their dead pastor and friend; and many of the hearts gathered round that bed were very full of grateful remembrance of him who should teach and help them no more.

"At three o'clock that afternoon a plain coffin, borne by native students, was carried out of the mission-house. It had on it no emblazonry, and no record but this:

REV. JOHN HUNT,
Slept in Jesus,
October 4th, 1848,
Aged 36 years.'

"There followed that coffin a woman, bowed beneath the weight of her first day's widowhood. And with her came *his* fellow-missionaries; after whom, in decent attire, there walked the foreign residents, and a crowd of Fijians. At the grave Mr. Lyth read the burial service of the English Church, and Mr. Calvert spoke in the language of the natives, while tears wet many a dark cheek, as the earth closed over the remains of the preacher of the Gospel."

Thus lived, thus died John Hunt, whom the Spirit of God found an unlettered plowboy on the plains of Lincolnshire, England. The secret of his success in life was his holiness; his undying trust in Heaven; his unfaltering perseverance in Christian toil. To-day as you read, fair one, these pages there are in that Fijian group of the South Pacific over 20,000 men and women professing faith in Christ, and some 100,000 who are directly under the sway of Gospel preaching. How many of these thousands were conducted into the path of life through the instrumentality of John Hunt, the day of a coming eternity only can tell. In *your* field of toil are you doing as he did—all you can?

JULIA.

BY ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

How vain it is to tell me thou art dead
When I behold thee near me all day long,
With sunbeams shedding halos round thy head,
And sweet harps blending with thy cradle song!
And then I watch thy fragile form for hours,
Moving so quietly among the flowers,
Thou dost not startle butterfly or bee;
And then I hear thine answer to my call;
Now at the door I see thy shadow's fall;
Thou dead!—no, sweet, thou art not dead to me.

I know thy little form once met my sight,
Laid in a coffin like a snow-drift fair;
In thy baptismal robes all pure and white,
And violets christened in thy golden hair.
It was no parting kiss that then I gave;
And though I know there is a little grave
With marble stone, on which is traced thy name,
Yet thou, sweet angel of my home and heart,
Wert never more my child than now thou art;
I call thee, bless thee, love thee still the same.

If not an earthly flower is vainly sent,
So not in vain wert thou, my rose-bud, given;
The stubborn heart in spring-time earthward bent,
Thou drawest back with silken bands to heaven.
And so thou movest round me day by day,
Breaking so tenderly my bands of clay,
And scattering blooms no other eyes may see;
Thou makest beautiful the rugged track,
To win the poor, weak-hearted sinner back,
To God and heaven, mine angel child, and thee.

THE GOAL OF THOUGHT.

BY JOSEPH E. PECK.

IN the outer temple, where the world of mind and the world of matter are seemingly one and indivisible, where Psyche and her handmaiden wander hand in hand together, it would seem pleasing to a reflective mind to cull from the material flowers of the finite those never-fading flowers of the soul which bloom in the temple of immortality. As we here have a two-fold existence, the things of sense are seen with the eye of sense, while those things which pertain to the spiritual life are seen by faith, or the spiritual eye. And how few among the great mass of humanity ever seem to pierce the veil which separates the seen from the unseen; and how many there are to whom the eye of faith becomes blinded by the attractions of earth, and who make that itself the end which should be only a stepping-stone to a better life! Yet the great "world-soul" stands not quite alone and omnipotent in his reign. We read that in the Papal cities of Spain, when the evening sun sinks low in the west, the bell booms forth the call to prayer, and suddenly the pulse of the great city ceases to beat, the throbbing heart of trade is stilled, while each passenger with reverential awe repeats the ave-mary, and the streets are silent as if an angel had passed over, and, in the solemn hush, whispered the long-forgotten words, God—eternity. And so to the heart of man in the hour of reflection comes the consciousness of the spirit's glorious destiny.

It has always been a mooted question among theorists what occupation in life is the noblest and most worthy of honor. The minister, the teacher, the farmer, and the artisan are all candidates for the palm of usefulness and dignity. But when we consider that our life is but a second to eternity, that very fact itself reveals the true end of all aspiration. For if it is the soul alone that lives forever, the importance of exercising its faculties is in proportion to its unspeakably-greater duration. We should remember that each human being has attributes which, though incomparably less, are yet similar to those of the Creator, for the Lord "breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul." And so far as these faculties are developed, so much the more will it be capable of enjoyment when it returns to God who gave it.

In the inner sanctuary of the mind, ruling alike the seen and the unseen world, stands thought as man's portion of that divine power which had only to command and a universe sprang from chaos. The pleasures that spring

from thought and the power of invention are a chief part of that reward which always follows intellectual efforts. But it is the great First Cause alone that can really say, *I create*, for the mind of God is creative, that of man appreciative. Yet to the discoverer in science, to the sculptor, the painter, and the poet, there is a second creation—their appreciation and interpretation to others of the beauty of the universe, or of all that is good, or true, or beautiful in the wonderful heart of man. Our spiritual being is composed of two parts—the heart, which feels, and the intellect, which reasons. It is the exercise of these powers which, under the name of thought, have brought human knowledge to its present state of comparative perfection. What then is thought, and what its mission and its end? It can not be idle dreams and fancies, for these come without any effort of the will, but it must be some power of the intellect exercised toward some definite object. In the long and ceaseless efforts of the great minds of every age to discover the secrets of nature and to unfold its mysteries, we find the germ of answer to our question.

It is a law of matter that not one atom has been added or substituted since the creation of the world. And so it is with truth, for the plans of the Deity with regard to man and the laws which govern the universe were laid ere from darkness light sprang forth. Truth is something which exists, which has its being in mind or matter, but may as yet be unknown to man. Man was placed upon the earth, but in the glory and wonder of the new existence saw with the eye of feeling rather than of intellect, and sought not to discover the hidden frame-work which supported the glorious vision of light and beauty. In those early twilight days what a mystery must have enshrouded even the most common operations of nature! Man has grown familiar with the face of the outward world, but for ages after the creation he must have felt a kind of solemn awe steal over him—such as a soul would feel if it could be ushered full-statured into the universe we now behold. Year by year he saw the earth clothe herself in emerald verdure, a beautiful emblem of his own resurrection. Day by day, like a wonder ever new, the sun arose upon his startled vision, and at evening, wrapped in a train of golden clouds, passed in majestic silence through his western gate. And in the grandeur of the brooding night no wonder his unschooled imagination peopled, with ruling and guardian spirits, the calm, cold stars which sparkled in the vault of heaven. No wonder that he had feelings so deep that the power of language could produce but a faint reflection of them,

but yet, like the fallen angel, he must exclaim,

"O, what a vision were the stars
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along like living cars
Of light for gods to journey by!"

The mind of man, then, was pervaded with a kind of unreasoning adoration, but the deeper worship that springs from knowledge was yet unknown. Like some massive but deserted cathedral, wherein is the voiceless organ, the unfilled choir, the unlit tapers, the mind, grand in itself, was yet to be illuminated by the light of truth, and become a temple where is sung a song whose theme is sublime as the plan of a universe and the redemption of a world.

But as man became more familiar with the external forms of nature, his innate reasoning powers began to unfold themselves. The elements of numbers were discovered, the key-notes to the beautiful science of mathematics, which, in the plastic hands of Galileo, Kepler, and Newton, became the communicating spirits which recalled the secrets of the skies. The history of the world is a history of progress in the discovery of truth. Age on age passed on, each furnishing its quota of great minds—the thinking heroes who have lived far above the turmoil of trade in the clear atmosphere of knowledge. Comparing different periods of time, we can see that each successive era is in advance of the former. The ideal world of the ancients was the shadow of the real world of the moderns. For whether as a rude kind of poetry or the expression of that worship which it is natural for man to pay to some superior power, the powers of nature which now perform the common offices of life were adored as gods. Ideality is the longing for perfection, the yearning of the heart for some better state of existence, or the power of investing the unknown with the misty lights of the imagination. But when the laws which govern the material world began to be understood, the mind turned upon itself, and in its own mysteries found ample scope for thought and discovery. It does not expend itself in ideal dreams of nature, but finds within a mystery unfathomable as eternity. The sun, the wind, and sea, the lightning, and the rushing storm were by the ancients idealized to gods. But now steam, the spirit of the air and water, propels the lone ship across the trackless ocean, while the lightning joins by a flash the thoughts of men hundreds of miles apart. The fine arts, too, are born of the same unfailing source. The lake where the beautiful youth of old pined for his own reflection is changed to a plate of

polished steel, whereon Balder, god of the summer sun, imprints in ineffaceable characters the features of humanity. Nature has lost none of her attractions, time has stolen none of her beauty; but as science displays the wonderful harmony and exactness with which the universe is framed, the mind is lost in admiration of the infinite Power which called it into existence. But as time is but the threshold of eternity, so science is but the elements of the great volume of truth wherein is written the soul's destiny. So that in the parallel courses of mind and matter goes thought like a priestess, whose magic key opens the beautiful gates of knowledge. What, then, is thought? It is the soul's appreciation of what is, the power to discover a higher truth from one before known, or the effort of the mind to search out truth both as regards its life here and its destiny hereafter. This, then, is the highest aspiration of thought, to which all the infinite lower grades are made subservient. This great end of thought, to fit the soul for a life hereafter, rises above the dust and turmoil of earth, and forms a solemn psalm in the literature of the world.

What is knowledge but our conception of mind, of matter, and of eternity, which is the sum of all truth? "In us alone doth Nature live," sings the poet, and conversely we would say, in knowledge, of which nature is a part, do we most truly live. For we live not so much by years as by thoughts and feelings, and the actions to which those thoughts give rise. Man's unseen ethereal part is his greatest mystery, but taking his mind in infancy as an undeveloped power of receiving knowledge, it then becomes thoughts, feelings, principles—in short, its individual appreciation of mind and matter. And as truth becomes known and appreciated by him, it becomes a part of himself, so that his soul increases by a law as inevitable as that of his physical system. What is the existence of the dwarfed, half-stupefied being who dwells amid the Siberian snows, to that of the man whose spirit's eye takes in as it were the secrets of the earth and sky? Consider the difference between the mind of Newton and that of a savage, and see whether it is not as great as that between an angel and a common man. And is it not probable that the soul's progress will be going on and on through the countless ages of eternity till man also becomes an angel? Yet there is a limit to knowledge even here. Man may eat of the tree of knowledge, but not of the forbidden tree. If he knew all that pertains to the Deity he would be as a god, but he still hears the midnight saying, Can the servant be greater than his lord or man than his Creator? But in eternity

the limit of knowledge will not depend on the incapability of the soul to receive more, but on the infinity of the character and works of God.

It would be interesting if one could follow out the various ideas of the future world which have pervaded the different ages of time. In Revelation the one is described as a place of endless corporeal torment, while the other is a gorgeous city of burnished gold, glowing with indescribable splendors. But the mind can not conceive of what it has never seen except it be parabled by something similar. So it may be with the mode of conveying to us a conception of the future world. If we could trace its history, we should find that as learning and the better aids for interpreting Scripture prevailed, the figurative meaning was understood, while in the reverse the literal. Thus in the literature of the darker ages the tendency to materialize religion is clearly seen, while that of the present age is of a more spiritual cast. Yet whatever heaven may be, it is not a place for inaction or the blind worship of fear. A person is unhappy in any society for which he has no affinity. And so it must be with the society of heaven. We are not to be saved through fear, but by love. It is true our God is a God of sublimity, but he is also one of love. Whether it be that as man was created out of nothing, and has, therefore, a natural love of matter in opposition to nonentity, we know not, but there is certainly something in the nature of size and strength which constitutes the secret of the sublime. There is that in the heart of almost every man which recognizes a sense of overwhelming awe when suddenly brought into contact with the rarer majesties of nature. The poetry of the Old Testament is always sublime because treating of great subjects. Yet it is never more so than when speaking of the Creator of all things, whose unutterable power and grandeur is shadowed forth through some of the most striking images from nature. Thus from the earthquake and volcano—"He looketh on the earth and it trembleth. He toucheth the hills and they smoke." Psalm civ, 32.

Perhaps there is no more remarkable feature in the universe than the incessant mingling of grandeur and simple beauty. There is the moaning and inconstant ocean to whose solemn music no one yet has found the fitting words. There is the vast woodland and the mountains capped with perpetual snow. And above all is the mystery of the heavens. But below those mountains and skies is a valley where the warm sunshine speckles the leaves with alternate light and shade, and beneath the brooding eaves of the overhanging rock springs a simple flower.

And yet the same God made them all—a seeming symbol of his own character so great as to comprehend the infinite extremes of awful wrath and tender love, of lofty grandeur and simple beauty.

All true love is founded on our appreciation of the character of those who are loved. The study of nature is the study of the works and character of God. But if their contemplation here can excite such deep feelings of admiration, how much more will the freed soul find to adore and love in the unspeakable glories of heaven! Yet does not the religion of many seem more like a fear-wrung worship of words—an attempt to propitiate an offended Deity by humbling themselves in dust and ashes, but of whom they have no true appreciation? The goal of thought in an elevated mind is to draw nearer in character to the infinite Power which gave it birth. God is the embodiment, the beginning, and the end of all virtue, and till our natural faculties for good are developed, till the love of virtue becomes a part of ourselves, we can not hope for happiness here or hereafter. And so far as man advances in true knowledge and virtue, so far will he have spanned the infinite abyss which separates him from his Creator. So along the endless path of aspiration, like a wanderer returning to his native land through devious scenes of pleasure and of pain, will the soul return to God, its Creator and Redeemer.

KIND WORDS ONLY.

BY MERIBA A. BABCOCK.

"Remember kind words only, and overlook not the unkind."—Extract from a letter.

How like music o'er the waters,
How like sunshine on the sea,
How like morning's brightest day-beam
Comes a kindly word to me!

When my life aches make me weary,
When my soul is racked with pain,
Lo! a word of kindness greets me,
And my heart grows glad again.

O, this life is full of sunshine—
Full of sunshine every day,
And unless we watch for shadows,
They fall not athwart our way.

And this world were almost heaven
Could we every blessing see;
But we're waiting, ever waiting
For some blessing yet to be.

Bright, how bright would be earth's pathways,
And how like the world above,
Were our words all words of kindness,
And our deeds all deeds of love!

TRUE LIVING.

BY MAGGIE B. STEWART.

THE Father of all never put one man or one woman into the world without some visible, tangible end."

That *some* human beings have a particular mission—"a tangible end"—seems to be a fact universally conceded. Yet we must not limit the number to those, only, whom restless ambition or stern necessity urges to do and dare. And our text tells *women* also have work to do.

The records of the past and present teem with the names of those who have won renown. They may not have done right: at least they did *their work*. All can not hope for Fame. She is the coyest of mistresses, and few prosper in the wooing. We are not sure that it would be desirable otherwise. It is enough that our lives are noble in the sight of God. In the real life of every day there is work to do. If the great Dispenser has so ordered any one's lot that toil is not a *necessity*, then let those be more careful that their lives be not wasted. The world is full of people who have "nothing to do;" as though God is served and glorified by an existence of selfish ease! Is this living? Day after day goes up to the courts of Heaven, and the recording angel notes down no growth of mind or soul, no sad heart cheered by kind word or loving deed!

And there are those who *work*. Yes! what *they call work*. But in the fierce struggle for food and raiment, they take no time for life's amenities, no time for the growth of immortal minds. Perchance the Sabbath bell calls them to the house of God; but their physical system is so exhausted that the preacher's words fall on heedless ears. Alas, for such lives! Alas, for all who waste God's blessed boon of *life* in luxurious pleasure, enervating listlessness, or slavish, thoughtless toil! Do none of these remember the sermon of the Preacher who spoke eighteen hundred years ago under the blue skies of Palestine?

Listen, as these words ring sweetly out over the dead centuries: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Do not the buds of spring-time, summer blooms, and bounteous autumn harvest rebuke our lack of faith? Day after day, year after year the universe goes on in perfect harmony, while our wretched, contracted, aimless lives are but miserable discords! This *passing through the world is not living*. So many go from day to day without looking for mental or spiritual growth, forgetting also that "to labor and to love is the sum of living."

Our bodies are duly fed and clothed, but

our souls are starving! Our work is *here and now*.

We can not live truly till we make our existence one of harmonious development of *body, mind, and soul*. Every life is incomplete without this. Without this we will not be prepared fully to enjoy the glorious life of that fairer land where sin brings neither discord nor sorrow. Thus let us strive to live, and

"When the great reaper, Death,
To gather us into God's storehouse, comes,
O, may he find our life-work done; the fruits,
Our daily duties, garnered in; our sheaves,
Kind deeds and words of love, bound up; and we,
Patient and joyous, waiting for the call
Of the great Husbandman—"Laborer, come home!"

THOUGHTS FOR A CLOUDY DAY.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING.

WILL the shadows be lifted to-morrow?

Will the sunshine come again,
And the clouds that are weeping in sorrow

Their glorious beauty regain?

Will the forest stand out in its greenness,

The meadows smile sweet as of yore,

And the sky in its placid sereness?

Bend lovingly o'er us once more?

Will the birds sing again as we heard them,

Ere the tempest their gentle notes hushed?

Will the breeze float again in its freedom

Where lately its melody gushed?

Will the beautiful angel of sunset

Drape the heavens in purple and gold,

As the day-king serenely retireth

'Mid grandeur and glory untold?

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow

From my spirit so weary and faint,

And Hope, the blest soother of sorrow,

My sky with all summer hues paint?

Will the waves of the heart's troubled fountain,

Swelled e'en to o'erflowing, subside,

And the soul beam out brighter for being

So loved in the sorrowful tide?

I know that the clouds will be lifted

From valley, and forest, and plain;

That sunshine, and gladness, and beauty

Will visit the world again:

I know that the tear-drops of nature

Will be dried in the joy-giving ray,

And the angel of sunset as ever

Will smile o'er the farewell of day.

And I know that the clouds will be lifted

From my pathway so dreary and lone;

That the light will return to my spirit

That once o'er its solitude shone.

Though I walk amid darkness, O Father!

Thy promise unfailing is mine,

And I know, though the tempest may gather,

That at last through the gloom thou wilt shine.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

LOVE TO GOD.—“*We love him because he first loved us.*” 1 John iv, 19.

As we can not remove from this earth, or change our general business on it, so neither can we alter our real nature; therefore, no exercise of the mind can be recommended, but only the exercise of those faculties you are conscious of. Religion does not demand new affections, but only claims the direction of those you already have, those affections you daily feel, though unhappily confined to objects not altogether unsuitable, but altogether unequal, to them. We only represent to you the higher, the adequate objects of those very faculties and affections. Let the man of ambition go on still to consider disgrace as the greatest evil, honor as his chief good. But disgrace, in whose estimation? Honor, in whose judgment? This is the only question. If shame and delight in esteem be spoken of as real, as any settled ground of pain or pleasure, both these must be in proportion to the supposed wisdom and worth of him by whom we are contemned or esteemed. Must it then be thought enthusiastical to speak of a sensibility of this sort, which shall have respect to an unerring judgment, to infinite wisdom, when we are assured this unerring judgment, this infinite wisdom, does observe upon our actions?

It is the same with respect to the love of God in the strictest and most confined sense. We only offer and represent the highest object of an affection, supposed already in your mind. Some degree of goodness must be previously supposed. This always implies the love of itself, an affection to goodness. The highest, the adequate object of this affection, is perfect goodness, which, therefore, we are to love with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our strength. “*Must we, then, forgetting our own interest, as it were, go out of ourselves, and love God for his own sake?*” No more forget your own interest, no more go out of yourselves than when you prefer one place, one prospect, the conversation of one man to that of another. Does not every affection necessarily imply that the object of it be itself loved? If it be not, it is not the object of the affection. You may, and ought, if you can, but it is a great mistake to think you can love, or fear, or hate any thing, from consideration that such love, or fear, or hatred, may be a means of obtaining good or avoiding evil. But the question whether we ought to love God for his sake or for our own being a mere mistake in language, the real question, which this is mistaken for, will, I suppose, be answered by observing, that the goodness of God already exercised toward us, our

present dependence upon him, and our expectation of future benefits, ought and have a natural tendency to beget in us the affection of gratitude and greater love toward him, than the same goodness exercised toward others, were it only for this reason, that every affection is moved in proportion to the sense we have of the object of it; and we can not but have a more lively sense of goodness, when exercised toward ourselves, than when exercised toward others. I added expectation of future benefits, because the ground of that expectation is present goodness.

Thus almighty God is the natural object of the several affections—love, reverence, fear, desire of approbation. For though he is simply one, yet we can not but consider him in partial and different views. He is in himself one uniform being, and forever the same, without variableness or shadow of turning; but his infinite greatness, his goodness, his wisdom, are different objects to our mind. To which is to be added, that from the changes in our own characters, together with his unchangeableness, we can not but consider ourselves as more or less the objects of his approbation, and really be so. For if he approves what is good, he can not, merely from the unchangeableness of his nature, approve what is evil. Hence must arise more various movements of mind, more different kinds of affections. And this greater variety also is just and reasonable in such creatures as we are, though it respects a Being, simply one, good and perfect. As some of these affections are most particularly suitable to so imperfect a creature as man, in this mortal state we are passing through, so there may be other exercises of mind, or some of these in higher degrees, our employment and happiness in a state of perfection.

CITY GATES.—“*And I said unto them, Let not the gates of Jerusalem be opened till the sun be hot; and while they stand by, let them shut the doors, and bar them; and appoint watches of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, every one in his watch, and every one to be over against his house.*” Neh. vii, 3.

In the hot countries of the east they frequently travel in the night, and arrive at midnight at the place of their destination. Probably they did not, therefore, usually shut their gates at the going down of the sun, if they did so at all through the night. Thevenot could not, however, obtain admission into Suez in the night, and was forced to wait some hours in the cold, without the walls. Dubdan, returning from the river Jordan to Jerusalem, in 1652, tells us, that when he and his companions arrived in the val-

ley of Jehoshaphat, they were much surprised to find that the gates of the city were shut, which obliged them to lodge on the ground at the door of the sepulcher of the blessed Virgin, to wait for the return of day, along with more than a thousand other people, who were obliged to continue there the rest of the night, as well as they. At length, about four o'clock, seeing every body making for the city, they also set forward, with the design of entering by St. Stephen's gate; but they found it shut, and above two thousand people, who were there in waiting, without knowing the cause of all this. At first they thought it might be too early, and that it was not customary to open so soon; but an hour after a report was spread that the inhabitants had shut their gates, because the peasants of the country about had formed a design of pillaging the city in the absence of the governor and of his guards, and that as soon as he should arrive the gates should be opened.

TRANSITORY GRIEF.—“*For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*” *Psa. xxx, 5.*

The Tamul method of expressing a moment is to move the hand once round the head and give a snap of the finger. Thus they say of any thing which endures but a short time, “It is only as the snap of the fingers.” The people of the east have nearly all their festivities in the night; they say it is the sorrowful time, and, therefore, adopt this plan to make it pass more pleasantly away. To those who are in difficulties or sorrow; to widows, orphans, and strangers, “night is the time to weep;” hence in passing through the village may be heard people crying aloud to their departed friends, or bitterly lamenting their own condition. They have, however, some very

pleasing and philosophical sayings on the uncertainty of the sorrows and joys of life. In the book *Scanda Purāna*, it is written, “The wise, when pleasure comes, do not greatly rejoice; and in sorrow they yield not to distress; for they judge that pleasure and pain are incident to life. The indigent become wealthy, and the wealthy indigent; and inferiors are exalted. Can wealth or poverty, pleasure or pain, be regarded as permanent to the soul? The phases of the moon remain not in one state; they diminish and increase: so your afflictions will one day terminate.”

“*There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night:
Though grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.*”

PROVING OXEN.—“*And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused.*” *Luke xiv, 19.*

This was not such a trifling affair as some have supposed, for it should be remembered it is with oxen only the orientals perform all their agricultural labors. Such a thing as a horse in a plow or cart, among the natives, I never saw. A bullock unaccustomed to the yoke is of no use; they, therefore, take the greatest precaution in making such purchases, and they will never close the bargain till they have *proved* them in the field. Nor will the good man trust to his own judgment, he will have his neighbors and friends to assist him. The animals will be tried in plowing softly, deeply, strongly, and they will be put on all the required paces, and then sent home. When he who wishes to purchase is fully satisfied, he will fix a day for settling the amount and for fetching the animals away.

Notes and Queries.

CORONATION, WHEN FIRST INTRODUCED.—What is the earliest mention made of *crowning* as an act of royal consecration? We find this ceremony expressly recorded 2 Kings xi, where Jehoiada places the crown on the head of the young King Joash. But though frequently employed in holy Scripture as a symbol of royalty, no notice occurs of its actual use in the consecration of the earlier Jewish monarchs. Saul was not crowned in the ceremonial sense: Psalm xxi, 8, would imply more than its figurative adoption. Solomon was made to ride on the royal mule, was duly anointed, and his accession proclaimed by sound of trumpets, accompanied by the usual salutations. In a programme arranged by David at such a crisis nothing was likely to be omitted which could give legal effect to the succession; yet, though the above details of ceremony are specified, coronation is not even indirectly alluded to: and Solomon was not prince regent, but the duly-elected king. Perhaps it was contrary to state etiquette to transfer the crown in the life-time of the reigning monarch. The crown worn by the King of Ammon was taken “from off his head” and “set on David's head.” 1 Chron. xx,

2. It was customary, therefore, to *wear* this as well as other regal *insignia*—on state occasions only, Query. It was not laid aside in war: when Saul fell in Gilboa, the crown was removed from off his head, and brought by the Amalekite to David. Even the mock election of a king was deemed by the soldiery—Matt. xxvii—*incomplete without coronation.* F. P.

[Our correspondent has anticipated the reply to his own query. The holy Scriptures undoubtedly contain the earliest mention of the practice of crowning as well of common people as of priests and kings—*conf.* Deut. vi, 8; Isa. Ixi, 10; Cant. iii, 11; and Ezek. xxiv, 17, 23. The crown of Ammon was not set upon, but suspended over the head of David—1 Chron. xx, 22; 2 Sam. xii, 30—for it weighed a talent. The practices of crowning and anointing a king are of the very highest antiquity, and the Jews probably borrowed both from the Egyptians; whose temples, and more particularly those of Memnonium or Remessum, and Medeenet Haboo, contain to this day pictorial representations of the pomps and ceremonies common to such occasions, which agree, in the most remarkable particulars, with the several de-

scriptions of similar institutions contained in holy writ.]

There is no mention in Scripture of a royal crown, as a kingly possession, till the time when the Amalekites are described as bringing Saul's crown to David. The Rabbinical traditions, however, connect the first crown with Nimrod, in whose title, *Kenaz the "Hunter,"* some persons affect to see the origin of the word "king." According to the tradition—Nimrod was abroad one day in the fields, following the chase. Happening to look up to the heavens he beheld there a figure resembling what was subsequently called a *crown*. He hastily summoned to his side a craftsman, who undertook to construct a splendid piece of work modeled from the still glittering pattern in the skies. When this was completed it was worn by Nimrod, in obedience, as he supposed, to the declared will of Heaven; and his people, it is said, could never gaze upon the dazzling symbol of their master's divine right without risk of being blinded. It was perhaps to this story Pope Gregory VII alluded, when he used to say that the priesthood was derived direct from God, but that the imperial power of a crowned monarch was first assumed by Nimrod. Perhaps the legend itself may have been founded on the literal rendering of the Hebrew passage—intimating that Nimrod was "the hero of the chase, in presence of Jehovah."—*English Notes and Queries.*

"ERASE" AND "CANCEL."—In the article on the "Shakspeare Forgeries," in a late Edinburgh Review, the writer asks—p. 471, n.:

"Why has not our language two words—one to denote actual obliteration by scratching or defacing; the other, the sign—cross lines—denoting obliteration?"

Our language has two such words:

"ERASE"—"to expunge, to rub out."

"CANCEL"—"cancelis notare," "to mark with cross lines, to cross a writing." JOHNSON.

It is true these words are often misused; but that is the fault of the writers, not the language. The reviewer uses "erasure" for "cancel" or "cancellation."

SANS CULOTTES.—This name was given to the revolutionists, not because they went without the nether garments, but because they wore trowsers instead of the knee-breeches, which were then *de rigueur* part of the costume of every gentleman. The *pantalon* thus became the mark of the anti-aristocratic, and instead of *sans culottes* being a name of reproach, it was adopted by the party as a proud designation.

TRANSPOSITION.—It is, I think, a most just remark of Mr. Brandreth, in his curious edition of the Iliad, that no liberty is so lawful to an editor as that of transposition. He has himself used it, sometimes to the great improvement of the text; and I met with, not long since, but unluckily neglected to note it, a line in one of the choruses of *Eschylus*, where a simple transposition restores the meter, and yet no one of the editors seems to have observed it. It is, in fact, one of the very last remedies that an editor thinks of having recourse to.

As our great poet is Shakspeare, and as his text is
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in the worst condition of almost any of our old poets, all the appliances of criticism should be used to educe his true meaning and to restore the harmony of his verse. I will, therefore, give a couple of instances of the use that may be made of transposition for this purpose.

To begin with the meter. Can any thing be more inharmonious than

"Well-fitted in arts, glorious in arms?"

Love's Labor Lost, Act II, Sc. 1.

But transpose,

"In arts well-fitted, glorious in arms,"

and what is more harmonious?

Again, *a la Steevens*:

"If the first that did th' edict infringe,"

(Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2.)

is mere prose; but transpose, and see the effect!

"If the first that the edict did infringe."

I could give many more, but let these suffice.

Then for the sense. Is not the following pure nonsense?

"Waving thy head,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,

Now humble as the ripest mulberry,

That will not hold the handling: or say to them."

Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 2.

Now read the second line thus:

"Often thus; which correcting thy stout heart,"

and omit the *or* in the last line, and see if the passage does not acquire sense—for the first time in its life. The *or* was, as is so frequently the case, put in by the printer to try to remedy the confusion he had introduced.

Again:

"And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtile

As Ariadne's broken woof, to enter."

Troilus and Cress., Act V, Sc. 2.

A point as subtile as a broken woof! and Ariadne written by one so well read in Golding's Ovid!

Let us apply the talisman of transposition:

"And yet the spacious breadth of this division,

As subtile as Arachne's broken woof,

Admits no orifice for a point to enter."

Subtile is the Latin *subtilis*, "fine-spun;" and he says "broken woof" probably because Minerva tore Arachne's web to pieces. The printer introduced Ariadne to complete the meter.—*English Notes and Queries.*

CUTTING ONE'S STICK.—This vulgarism of fast life would appear to be a corruption of a phrase not uncommon in the high life of the last century. Walpole, writing to Lord Strafford, October 16, 1770, in reply to his inquiries after his gout, says:

"I came to town on Sunday, and can creep about my room even without a stick, which is more felicity to me than if I had got a white one. I do not aim yet at such preferment as walking up stairs; but having molted my stick, I flatter myself I shall come forth again without being lame."—*English Notes and Queries.*

Children's Corner.

WILLY'S FATHER TEACHING HIM WHAT FAITH IS.—There are a great many Willies in the land. Nearly all of them have thought and heard much about faith. They would like to know what it is to have faith in God. My little friends, the editor would like to come and preach a sermon on faith to you. But as he can not do that, he will tell you a story about Willy and his father. Willy was a Welsh boy and you are an American, but faith is the same every-where. Willy's father had been explaining the Scriptures to his family in the hall of what was once the manor-house, but which was then occupied by a farmer, when the little boy exclaimed, "Father, you said you would one day, when I was old enough, teach me what faith is. Am I old enough now?"

"Well, I think you are, Willy. Come to me," said his father, rising from his chair.

The boy no sooner approached than his father raised him from the ground and set him on the top of a double chest of drawers that stood beside the wall. The child's color went and came, and he was evidently afraid to stand upright in so unusual a situation.

"Now, Willy," said his father, placing himself at a little distance and holding out his arms, "now, Willy, stand upright and jump into my arms."

The child's position and the father's command were alike calculated to produce alarm, and did produce it. But the father's look was calm, and kind, and serious, and the child had invited the lesson, so he had nothing for it but to turn his mind to complacency.

Raising himself somewhat, at length he made an effort to jump; but his heart failed him, and he drew back farther from the edge of the drawers.

"Ah, Willy," said his father, "thou hast no faith try again." Willy thought a moment and perceived the nature of his father's experiment. He came back again to the edge, and at this time he did make the spring, but so imperfectly, and with so divided a mind, that he would have fallen but for a beam of the ceiling just above him, on which he clapped his hands and recovered himself.

His father smiled and said: "Willy, thou hast no faith yet; but that was better than the last. Come, try once more."

The look of quiet love in the father's face, and his still open arms, at length assured our hero there really was no danger; or it may be so much reverence and trust in a parental smile, that he forgot the danger. Be this as it may, this time little Willy stood bold upright and jumped over the dreadful gulf into his father's powerful arms. He looked up with a smile, and his father, setting him on the floor, said, "There, Willy, that was faith. There is the gulf of hell between you and eternal life; your heavenly Father holds out for you the arms of his love, and sent his only Son to die and prove it to you. If you trust him and obey his word, as you trusted me,

he will take you in his arms and bring you safe to heaven."

IT IS BETTER TO BE HONEST.—Jacob Sheafe was a merchant in Portsmouth, distinguished for his stern integrity. The following well-authenticated anecdotes concerning him will teach our young readers a good lesson:

A man had purchased some wool, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheafe had gone to the back room to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass, which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white-oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking the man for his theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change, as if nothing had happened; and then, under the pretense of lifting the bag to lay it on the horse for him, took hold of it and exclaimed, "Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong!"

"O, no!" said the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it's so easily tried," said Mr. Sheafe, putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he, "I told you so; knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds: however, if you do n't want the whole you need n't have it; I'll take part of it out."

"No, no!" said the other, staying the hands of Mr. Sheafe, on the way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I will take the whole."

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skim-milk cheese for the price of wool.

On another occasion Mr. Sheafe missed a barrel of pork. A few months after a man one day asked him the question, "Did you ever find out who took that pork, Mr. Sheafe?" "Yes," was the reply, "you are the fellow! for none but myself and the thief ever knew of my loss." The fellow was thus detected by the shrewd dealer, who possessed the valuable faculty of knowing when to be silent.

HOW GOD FEEDS THE RAVENS.—No doubt many of the little friends of the editor often wonder when they hear large people talk about God doing such and such things. Now, if they will read this little story, they will learn how God often does things:

"Mamma," said little Lucy Lee, one day, "what does it mean in the Bible when it says, 'God feedeth the ravens when they cry'?"

"The same way, dear," said mamma, "in which he feeds your little brother Henry when he cries and reaches out his hand toward the store closet for milk or crackers."

"Why, mamma!" said Lucy, looking very serious and very much surprised, "it is you who feeds Henry. You ask him if he is hungry, and he makes a little grunt that means 'yes,' and then you go and get him

something, mamma. I know you do it, for I see you every day, mamma. I thought you always spoke the truth."

These last words were spoken so low, that her mother could scarcely hear them. But she did, and immediately answered, "So I hope I do, my dear, always, and it was the truth when I told you that God feeds Henry, and in like manner the ravens."

"But, mamma," said Lucy, looking more and more distressed, "does God get them crackers and milk, and feed them with a spoon, as you do? or perhaps he sends an angel to do it—what do you mean, mamma?"

"Get your Bible, love, and open it at the fifteenth chapter of Matthew, and read it to the thirty-sixth verse."

Lucy did so, and then waited for her mother to explain.

"Well, Lucy, does not Jesus Christ say that our heavenly Father feeds and clothes us?"

"Yes, mamma, but I do n't see how."

"I will tell you. How do we get this nice, sweet milk for Henry's supper?"

"Mooey cow gives it, mamma."

"But who made the cow?"

"God," answered Lucy, with a brightening face; she already began to see through her troubles.

"Yes," said mamma, "God made her, and made her to give milk; and what is this bread made of?"

"Flour, mamma."

"What the flour?"

"Wheat, I believe, mamma."

"Yes, and who makes the wheat?"

Lucy sat still, thinking.

"Do you remember, Lucy, going with me to your uncle's farm, last spring, and going out with him to see him sow?"

"O yes; he took little mites of seeds, and buried them up, and said he had sowed them."

"What did you see yesterday, in the same place?"

"Beautiful tall little trees, mamma."

"Stalks, my dear. Well, these came from the little seeds, and they will all be gathered in and made into flour, to make bread of, for Henry to eat. Do n't you see now that God feeds Henry?"

"Yes, mamma, but how does he feed the ravens?"

"By making the old ravens care for them, and fly about seeking food. Just as I go to the closet to see if Catherine has got any bread there for my babies. The little baby raven can not fly, but must stay in the little warm nest, as Henry must stay in the nursery. So, when they get hungry, they open their little mouths and make a noise, which means, 'Give me something to eat.' Then the old mother-bird hops up and flies off and finds some nice crumbs, or some fat worms, and comes flying back to the nest, and the little birds open their mouths again, and in drops the nice little breakfast; then they feel as comfortable as little brother does there, laughing and crowing after his supper."

"Why, mamma," said Lucy, with a smile on her round face, "how pretty and how kind in the great God; is n't it, mamma?"

"Yes, my love. He is indeed full of loving-kindness and tender mercy. I hope my little Lucy and

Henry will learn always to love him, and cry to him in every trouble."

Lucy sat thinking of it all for some time, and then ran off to tell her little friend Helen how "God feeds the ravens."

THE LORD'S PRAYER ILLUSTRATED.—The editor hopes that each one of his little readers kneels down and says the Lord's prayer before he retires to rest. Well, here is an illustration of that prayer. Study it, children:

Our Father—

By right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption,

Who art in heaven—

The throne of thy glory,
The portion of thy children,
The temple of thy angels,

Hallowed be thy name—

By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the words of our lips,
By the works of our hands.

Thy kingdom come—

Of providence to defend us,
Of grace to refine us,
Of glory to crown us.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—

Toward us without resistance,
By us without compulsion,
Universally without exception,
Eternally without declension.

Give us this day our daily bread—

Of necessity for our bodies,
Of eternal life for our souls.

And forgive us our trespasses—

Against the commands of thy law,
Against the grace of thy Gospel,

As we forgive them that trespass against us—

By defaming our characters,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our persons.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil—

Of overwhelming afflictions,
Of worldly enticements,
Of Satan's devices,
Of error's seductions,
Of sinful affections.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever—

Thy kingdom governs all,
Thy power subdues all,
Thy glory is above all.

Amen—

As it is in thy promises,
So be it in our prayers,
So it shall be to thy praise.

TAKE GRUNDY ALONG, TOO.—My little nephew is very much attached to his baby brother, whose name is Grundy. One day grandma was talking to him about God, heaven, and the angels. "Grandma," said he, "why won't God let me go up in heaven?" Grandma told him if he was a good boy God would take him up to heaven. The little fellow seemed thoughtful for a moment, then looking up to grandma with a bright smile, he said, "Well, grandma, I just tie string to Grundy and take him 'long, too."

AUNT FANNY.

Wayside Gleanings.

GIRLS THAT STREWED FLOWERS IN THE PATH OF WASHINGTON.—An incident connected with the reception of Washington at Trenton, New Jersey, in 1789, has given to that reception a peculiar interest in history. It was in the spring—April 21st—of the year. The flowers were in bloom, and young girls, dressed in spotless white, stood by the wayside and strewed flowers in his path. The Trenton True American says:

A lady of this city, whose indefatigable interest in patriotic antiquities may well shame the indifference of most of us, has been endeavoring to attain the necessary information, and has found one survivor of the group in the person of Mrs. Mary Chesnut, mother of the senator of South Carolina. Mrs. Chesnut is a daughter of Colonel John Cox, formerly of that part of Trenton called Bloomsbury, and is now eighty-five years of age. She gives the following as the names of the girls who strewed flowers in the pathway of the illustrious traveler: Sally How, Sally Airey, Margaret Lowrey, Betty Milnor, Sally Collins, Mary Cox.

GRANDILOQUENCE.—There are few things more ludicrous than the use of “great swelling words” in the statement or description of common matters. The following story has a touch of genuine humor:

It is related of Governor Barbour, of Virginia, that he was accustomed to indulge in the grandiloquent at the expense of the simple, as well as for his own amusement. On one occasion he rode out to the field where his servant was plowing, and looking at him with apparent solicitude, he said, “I perceive from the declivity of the hills, and the rotundity of the soil, you proceed horizontally.” The fellow, who had often to guess at his master’s meaning, looked up and replied, “Yes, master, I ‘speak the tobacco is dry enough for stripping, sir.”

LOG-BOOK OF LIFE.—A “log-book” is the record of a voyage kept by the navigator. The following is taken from “the Log-Book of Thomas Parker,” who was a naval officer during “the war of 1812.” The “voyage” spoken of is the voyage of life:

First part of the voyage pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds—all sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

Middle passage.—Weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels our supplies had enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm and bore away.

Latter part.—Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—toward the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of honesty had an observation—corrected and made up my reckoning—and, after a passage of fifty years, came to in Mortality Road, with the calm, unruffled surface of the Ocean of Eternity in view.

BAJAZET AND TIMURLANE.—Bajazet and Timurlane occupy a space in history that none can overlook. The following anecdote relating to them will bear reproduction:

When Bajazet, after his defeat, was carried into the presence of Timur Lenk, that is, Timur the Lame, vulgarly Timurlane, on perceiving that Bajazet had but one eye, Timur burst into loud laughter. The Turk, who could ill brook any incivility, said fiercely, “You may deride my misfortunes, Timur, but remember they may have happened to yourself. The disposal of kingdoms is in the hands of God, and their

states depend on his will.” Timur replied with equal haughtiness, “I agree with your observation: I did not laugh at your misfortune, but at a reflection that just occurred to my mind—how little value thrones and scepters possess in the judgment of God; who has taken a kingdom from a man with *one eye*, to give it to another with *one leg*.”

LAUGHTER AND ITS USES.—The following paragraph reminded us of the old theological professor, who exercised his pupils one hour daily in laughing:

Laughter is as healthful to the body as gladness is to the mind; and there is not a more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face when you know it is the true index of the soul within. We do not speak of that species of idiotic laughter which is sure to follow the exhibition of any low trick, or the utterance of a coarse jest—but that genial outburst that enlivens the social circle when men, like true philosophers, forget their past cares, and put off till the morrow all apprehensions regarding the future.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AMONG MINISTERS.—The ministers of Jesus Christ have ever been the right arm of the temperance reformation. It is now no time for them to withhold their influence. A large number of the clergy of England in an appeal to their brother ministers, say:

We abstain ourselves because we believe that the drunkenness which prevails may be traced back to moderate drinking as its great cause. We are convinced that moderate drinking, and not drunkenness only, supports the traffic, the traffic tends to foster drunkenness, and drunkenness produces bodily misery, social degradation, and spiritual death. So long as drink is supplied, there will be drunkenness. Which is most in accordance with common-sense, to supply the cause and labor in vain to remove the effect; or to get rid of the effect through the banishment of the cause?

LADIES CARRYING THE CROPS.—The following originated with the Terre Haute Express. It is applied to ladies of the editor’s locality. But its homely figures have point and application elsewhere. We, however, leave all such applications to our readers:

Here is lady No. I, with ten acres of wheat gracefully thrown around her person—twelve bushels to the acre. Ten times twelve are one hundred and twenty, at eighty cents a bushel; 120x80—\$96.

Lady No. II toddles under four tons of hay at seven dollars and a half per tun; 4x\$7.50—\$30. She stands erect, as stiffly as I see Norwegian women every day with a load of kindling wood on their heads.

Lady number III sweeps the path and circumjacent dog-fennel with a train in which are exhibited two yoke of steers at \$35—\$70.

Lady No. IV is enrobed in twenty acres of corn, forty bushels to the acre, worth thirty cents to the bushel; 800x30—\$240.

Lady No. V has a mule colt suspended from each ear, at \$15—\$30.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.—The following true and pleasant passage occurs in one of Frederika Bremer’s books:

There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad—is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find much to say about it—while what is good goes, at best, like sunshine, quietly through the world.

Domestic Economy.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—A connubial little sermon, from the text, “Be happy as you are,” is thus preached by a cotemporary print:

“ Wife and mother, are you tired and out of patience with your husband’s and your children’s demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful, but, perhaps, sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at those sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say, ‘What a fool I was to marry and leave my father’s house, where I lived at ease and in quiet?’ Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and ungrateful for, their comforts and their joys? O! wife and mother, what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms and from your bosom? What if there were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft little innocents to nestle in your bosom, and to love you or receive your love? How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife: be unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all, for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And O! what would you do if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for, believe it, thou wife of a loving and true husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own.”

THE PROPER CARE OF THE SKIN.—If the pores of the skin be stopped up, the operations of digestion must be impaired, acridity and corruption of the juices must ensue, ruining the surface of the skin, and laying the foundation for acute disease. The great object, then, is to keep the pores open by cleanliness, and to give it tone by bathing and gentle friction; and here, at the risk of being thought tautological, we shall enforce the necessity of all persons—ladies especially—passing a wet sponge over the *whole surface* of the body every morning and evening, or, at any rate, every morning, commencing with tepid water, and adopting cold water as soon as they can bear it; then let the body be thoroughly dried with a soft towel, and rubbed with a soft flesh brush, or gently with horse-hair gloves; the latter, at first, will not be very pleasant, but in a short time becomes a luxury. This habit will not only beautify the skin, and give it that transparency of complexion for which the Roman ladies were so eminent, but

it will be the most effectual means of guarding against colds, and all the interruptions of the system, of which they are the fruitful source; it has a double effect, it beautifies and it fortifies the skin. In addition to the above practice, we also recommend bathing, whenever circumstances will permit it. We have no traces of the decline of this most invigorating custom, yet we know that it was a constant habit among the ancients. The Greek mythology represents the goddess of Love rising from the sea, evidently indicating that the pure stream is the source of beauty. Lycurgus, the iron-hearted Spartan, enforced bathing by his laws, and the streams of the Eurotas daily assisted in the ablutions of the maidens of Sparta.

SEWING ON BLACK CLOTH.—To remedy the difficulty which persons with defective eyes experience when sewing on black cloth at night, the *Scientific American* directs: Pin or baste a strip of white paper on the seam of black cloth to be operated upon, then sew through the paper and cloth, and when the seam is completed the paper may be torn off. The black thread will be distinctly seen on the white paper, and drawing the stitches a little tighter than usual, good work will be produced. This method is well adapted for sewing by machinery as well as by hand.

HOW TO PROTECT FURS FROM MOTHS.—The largest emporium for furs is, doubtless, Moscow; and, apropos of the last-named city, we see it stated by one who was present at the first World’s Fair in London, in 1851, when the furs from Moscow for the exhibition were being unrolled, he observed that each contained a swan’s quill, one end of which was lightly corked. On inquiring of the Russian gentleman who had charge of the furs, he was informed that the quills contained liquid quicksilver, and were a certain preventive of the attacks of the moth.

BREAD CAKE.—To one cup of light-bread sponge, add one egg, one cup of flour, half a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, spice to your taste; stir well together, and put immediately in the oven; bake as for bread.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Scald ten tablespoonfuls of Indian meal in three pints of sweet milk; add an ounce of butter, and sugar or molasses to sweeten to the taste. Bake two or three hours.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Beat eight eggs very well; put them into a stew-pan with half a pound of sugar pounded fine, the same quantity of butter, and some nutmeg grated; set it on the fire, and keep stirring it till it thickens; put a rich puff-paste around the edge of the dish; pour in the pudding when cool, and bake it in a moderate oven. It will cut light and clear. You may add candied orange and citron, if you like.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

RAWLINSON'S ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA.—The last published part of the Asiatic Society's Journal contains the first installment of a volume, to be written by Sir Henry Rawlinson, On Archaeological Discoveries in Assyria and Babylonia, which, when complete, will form a highly-valuable and interesting addition to our knowledge of the subject. The present portion is, On the Birs Nimrud, or the Great Temple of Borsippa, and gives an account of the ingenious operations by which inscribed cylinders were found in cavities at the corners of the building in the lower course of masonry, as in remote centuries keen antiquarians will discover coins and other relics under the corner-stones laid in Queen Victoria's reign. Twenty-two hundred years have elapsed since those cylinders were deposited, but they are in excellent preservation. From study of the inscriptions, Sir Henry finds that the temple was dedicated to the Planets of the Seven Spheres, and he shows reason for believing that its form was pyramidal, terrace above terrace, each smaller than the one beneath, the seventh and smallest being the apex. Each was painted of the color assigned to the respective planet, but the topmost, which bore the shrine of the god, was coated with silver. All this, as the inscription sets forth, was a restoration by that mighty monarch Nebuchadnezzar, who began the work in a fortunate month, and concludes his recital with "as it had been in former days, thus I exalted its head." Sir Henry is of opinion that, if the grand vestibule of this temple were cleared of its long-accumulated rubbish, a record of the conquest of Judea and Egypt would be found in the inscriptions on the walls.

REVOLUTIONS OF THE SEA.—M. Adhémar has written a book on the Revolutions of the Sea, showing the mighty changes effected by water on the land in past times; the changes that are yet to be looked for; and the causes, even now in operation, which will convert our northern hemisphere into a condition similar to that now presented by the southern: thus, the greater part of Europe, North America, and northern Asia is to be laid under water, while the continents of the south are to increase in length and breadth, and its islands to multiply.

THE FIRST POTATOES IN FRANCE.—M. Noel, a French agriculturist, speaking of the introduction of the potato into France, says: "This vegetable was viewed by the people with extreme disfavor when first introduced, and many expedients were adopted to induce them to use it, but without success. In vain did Louis XVI wear its flower in his button-hole, and in vain were samples of the tubercle distributed among the farmers; they gave them to their pigs, but would not use it themselves. At last Parmentier, the chemist, who well knew the nutritive properties of the potato, and was most anxious to see it in general use, hit upon the following ingenious plan: He

planted a good breadth of potatoes at Sablons, close to Paris, and paid great attention to their cultivation. When the roots were nearly ripe, he put notices around the field that all persons who stole any of the potatoes would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, and gendarmes were employed to watch the field day and night, and arrest all trespassers. No sooner were the new roots thus forbidden, as it were, by authority, than all persons seemed eager to eat them, and in a fortnight, notwithstanding the gendarmes, the whole crop was stolen, and, without doubt, eaten. The new vegetable having been found to be excellent food, was soon after cultivated in every part of the kingdom."

PURIFICATION OF FOUL WATER.—Thomas Spencer, the discoverer of the electrotype, has ascertained that the magnetic oxyd of iron, which abounds in rocky strata and in sands, etc., attracts oxygen, whether it exists in water or air, and polarizes it—that this polarized oxygen is the salubrifying ozone—that this ozone, so formed, destroys all discolored and polluting organic solutions in water, and converts them into the sparkling and refreshing carbonic acid of the healthful spring. Even sewerage water can be thus almost instantaneously purified. Moreover, Mr. Spencer has discovered that the apparently mechanical process of filtration is itself magnetic, and it is now known that all substances are constitutionally more or less subject to magnetical influence; thus all extraneous matters suspended in water may be rapidly attracted in filtration and separated; and this may be done whether on a great scale or a small, either by the magnetic oxyd or black sand or by various other means; and Mr. Spencer has discovered a solid porous combination of carbon with magnetic oxyd, prepared from Cumberland haematite, which is said to have very great filtering power.

RELIGIOUS REFORMS IN RUSSIA.—Russia is at the present moment accomplishing two religious reforms. The first is a careful translation into the Russian language of the holy Scriptures and the prayers of the Church. Hitherto the old Slavonic tongue was the language used, and as the Latin in the Roman Church is a dead letter to the congregation, so the Slave has been to the Russian. The translation of both Old and New Testaments has already been commenced. The second reform is the abolition of the seminaries where, up to the present, not only the priests themselves received their education, but were obliged to bring up their children. The male portion of the family were thus compelled to adopt the sacerdotal profession whether they were so disposed or not. Thus the priestly character was rendered in Russia purely hereditary, as well as compulsory.

POPULATION OF JAPAN.—The number of inhabitants of Japan is to a great extent a matter of conjecture. Some writers place it as low as 15,000,000, while oth-

ers have estimated it as high as 40,000,000. From a calculation based upon the revenues, and their equivalent in rice, there seems to be good reason for assuming that the estimate of 25,000,000 is not too great.

SHAKERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—There are four Shaker societies in Ohio, numbering 1,059; one in Connecticut, numbering 200; two in Maine, numbering 150; two in New Hampshire, numbering 500; four in Massachusetts, numbering 700; two in Kentucky, numbering 900; three in New York, numbering 1,050—making in all 18 societies and 4,559 members.

NEWSPAPERS IN PARIS.—A few statistics have lately appeared in a French paper relative to the circulation of some Parisian journals. The names of all the leading papers are given. Their issues are said to be as follows: Press, 46,000, increasing; Siecle, 34,000, receding; Constitution, 25,000, increasing; Moniteur, 24,000, stationary; Patrie, 18,000, increasing in a marked manner; Illustration, 25,000, recently purchased for \$340,000, increasing; Pays, 16,000, increasing; Debats, 9,000, receding; Assemblee Nationale, 5,000, decreasing; Gazette de France, 2,000, receding. The Univers, suppressed in 1859, was rapidly increasing when its suspension took place. The statistician states that these figures, although he can not vouch for their perfect accuracy, will furnish a good idea of the number of readers addressed by each of the papers named. He says that, notwithstanding the many periodicals of which the Government has stopped the publication, there are more newspapers and magazines in France at present than there were before the Emperor Napoleon III ascended the throne.

The "rates of remuneration paid to writers of every sort have rapidly increased within a few years; and but for the extraordinary influx of literary persons that is poured into Paris periodically from provincial cities and towns, gentlemen of the press could command as good pay there as in any city in the world." We are told that there are as many papers, magazines, etc., circulated in Paris, not included in the above list, as those contained in it. The sum total of the figures given is 202,000, and of course twice that number would be 404,000. Allowing Paris to have 1,100,000 inhabitants, it would seem, then, that there is published a newspaper or periodical for every three persons, which is not so bad for France.

RELIGION IN JAPAN.—In Japan there are three religions: Buddhism, the Persian sun worship, and an indefinite sort of belief original with themselves. The lower classes are credulous, the middle much less so, and the higher classes have no religion at all, calling such things "stuff" and "superstition." There are no priests attached to the embassy, and they have no religious rites or observances of any kind, keeping no Sabbath. In Japan the first day of every month is a Sabbath, and at the Japanese new year fourteen or fifteen Sabbaths come at once, during which time all officers of government pay their respects to their superiors. Only three of the present embassy—the princes—have this privilege, and a

great privilege it is esteemed. Upon their first arrival in this country, when asked why they had no Sabbath, the principal officers replied, "because they were good every day," but afterward acknowledged that they were atheists.

JAPANESE NAMES FOR GOD.—The Japanese have several names for God, but the most common is "Kami," which means simply a prince, or a higher man. In a conversation, says the New York Herald, with Matemoto Sannofo, one of the secretaries of the ambassadors, which was introduced by his asking some question about the Sabbath, he said that there was no God; and when asked how the world was made, he declared that it "came of course." He did n't know how long ago it "came of course," but wished to know how long ago his interlocutor thought it was created, and inquired how this was known, and who saw it made. He had read about Christ, and asked if he was an Asia man. This secretary is one of the most learned scholars of the embassy, and one can not converse with him without perceiving his quickness and force of intellect.

PHYSICIANS IN AUSTRIA AND FRANCE.—In the Austrian empire there is one physician to each thousand of the inhabitants. In France there is only one medical man to each two thousand of the inhabitants.

SCHOOLS IN THE CAUCASUS.—The Emperor of Russia has ordered the establishment of six schools in six different places in the Caucasus, and has decided that the Russian language, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and drawing shall be taught in them. He has also decided that in each school there shall be 520 pupils, 245 of them to be maintained at the expense of the state; 150 of those 245 to be natives, and the remainder children of the Russian functionaries. One would think that schools conducted in this manner would be somewhat republican in character.

CONGRESSIONAL REPORTERS.—As you enter the gallery of the senate and the house you will see before a flat white marble desk a number of young men whose pens move with a rapidity wonderful to behold. These are the regular reporters, paid by Congress, who take down in short-hand all that is said by the senators and representatives, and write it out for the organ of the two houses, *The Daily Globe*. The industry of these gentlemen is as remarkable as their genius and intelligence. They do not lose a word or a syllable that is spoken, and often put a decent dress upon some most ungrammatical and ungentle expressions. Taking their places at 11 o'clock, they labor till the close of the session, which frequently consumes six, and has even lasted twenty-five hours. Then, when the members retire to their residences, to dine and rest, the heavy labors of the reporters may be said really to begin. From the phonographic hieroglyphics they write out full reports for *The Globe*, and this often compels them to toil till long after midnight. Incredible as it may seem, they have each frequently reported and prepared for the press ten closely-printed columns in a single day.

Literary Notices.

(1.) **THE TATTER AND GUARDIAN** have recently been issued by Applegate & Co., of Cincinnati, in a royal octavo volume, the former covering 432 pages double column, the latter 244. It is produced in fine library style, and retails at \$2.50. The illustration is the visit to Mrs. Feeble, Tattler No. 266. It is generally admitted that in the prose literature of the English language, the splendid series by Addison, Steele, and their associates, is unsurpassed. In style these papers have been justly regarded as models of classic purity; in sentiment, for the most part, they are just and manly. In every respect they are worthy of a place by the side of the classic productions of any and every age. The Tattler comprises 271 papers. The first was issued April 12, 1709, and the last January 2, 1710. The publication, therefore, was completed in less than one year. The Guardian was commenced March 12, 1713, and continued through one hundred and seventy-six numbers. The last was issued October 1st of the same year. Those who would become acquainted with the choice productions in English literature must not overlook the Tattler and the Guardian.

(2.) **THE LIFE OF JACOB GRUBER**, by Dr. Strickland—Carlton & Porter—makes a 12mo volume of nearly 400 pages, and is sold for \$1. It is a life portraiture of an eccentric Dutchman, of the old Methodistic school, full of amusing anecdotes and exhibitions of coarse humor. Yet few of them will offend good taste, and all of them exhibit the downright manly vigor and heart-devotion of a good man to the work of God. Most men, attempting the imitation of Gruber, would make a sorry figure. But he is so manifestly himself, on all occasions, that if we attempt to find fault with him, we feel self-convicted of hypercriticism. So we have concluded to let the good old man alone, only premising that we read the book entirely through, simply because we got into it and could not well stop. We revere these old heroes of Methodism and bless their memories. It matters but little how rough the picture, so long as there continue to rise up in the background lofty aims and heroic deeds.

(3.) **THE PHYSIOLOGY OF COMMON LIFE**. By George Lewis. Author of "Seaside Studies," "Life of Gæthe," etc. In two Volumes. Volume II. 12mo. 410 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—We have already noticed the first of these two volumes. The subjects upon which they treat are of moment to every living man, and upon these subjects they are stored with valuable information, the results of inquiry, study, and experiment. They explain many of the mysteries we meet with in common life. The leading topics of the two volumes are hunger, thirst, food, drink, structure and uses of blood, its circulation, feeling, and thinking, the mind and brain, our senses and sensation, sleep and dreams, the qualities we inherit, life and death. The author discusses these philosophically, and, in con-

nexion with his own views, presents those of other distinguished physiologists.

(4.) **POEMS**. By William H. Holcombe, M. D. New York: Mason & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. Large 12mo. 360 pp.—This volume is published in superb style on tinted paper. The lovers of art might well afford to purchase it for its mechanical beauty. Of the literary character of the work we can not do better than to give one or two choice specimens:

THE HERO'S GRAVE.

O lightly, tread lightly, 't is holy ground
Where the cors of the hero is resting;
There's a charm on the mind and a spell on the mound,
Like a halo of glory investing.

For the spirit that kindled the eye of the brave
Lingers still at the spot to endear it;
And his is the heart of a coward or slave
That beats not more gallantly near it.

Ah! shed not your tears at the soldier's lot,
When he dies where his country calls him,
When he falls ere the fire of the foeman's shot,
Or the terror of death appalls him.

The smoke of the battle may melt away,
And the turf of the valley may hide him;
His form in its braided shroud may decay,
And his good saber rust beside him;

But a light comes forth from the warrior's grave,
While his comrades are sorrowing o'er it,
A beacon of hope to the hearts of the brave,
And oppressors may tremble before it.

Then lightly, tread lightly, 't is holy ground
Where the cors of the hero is resting;
For the spirit of Liberty hallows the mound,
With a halo of glory investing!

To this we will add one more selection, which has in it a genuine touch of nature—exquisite as beautiful:

OLD AUNT HANNAH.

Let's wait a little longer, Tom!
Before we westward go;
Let's wait for old Aunt Hannah's sake—
'T would break her heart, I know.
Look at her in her corner there,
Her head as white as snow,
The last leaf of the good old tree—
We can not leave her so!

In this old mansion was she born,
Her joys and griefs were here:
How well she loved and nursed us all
Through many a changing year!
See how she's smiling at the fire,
And whispering something low!
She's thinking of our Christmas times,
O long and long ago!

Beside yon crumbling garden wall
Our gallant father lies,
Our good old mother at his side—
Aunt Hannah closed their eyes!
She was the playmate of them both,
Some fifty years ago—

To leave these dear old graves behind
'T would break her heart, I know.
When the old soldier parceled out
His treasures, great and small,
Aunt Hannah he would give to none—
He gave her to us all.
We laid his good sword on his breast,
For he had charged us so—
While old Aunt Hannah knelt in tears—
Ah, Tom! we can not go!
Her failing sands will soon be out,
The kindly angel come,
And lead the good old faithful soul
To our great Master's home.
And when we've marked her simple grave,
And dropped a tear or so,
We'llurn the ashes of the past,
And westward gayly go!

The above are very fair specimens from the volume. Most of the scenes and imagery are such as indicate that the home and sympathies of the author are in the "sunny south." And, indeed, the "inevitable negro" not unfrequently contributes to the inspiration of his song.

(5.) **THE HOMILIST.** *A Series of Sermons for Preachers and Laymen, Original and Selected.* By Erwin House, A. M. 12mo. 496 pp. \$1. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a compilation from a choice series of sermons and sketches which have appeared from time to time in the English Homilist, edited by Rev. D. Thomas. It has been the object of Mr. House to select the most valuable of these papers and adapt them to the American reader. In this he has succeeded admirably. "The [English] Homilist"—now spread through several volumes—is accessible to comparatively few of our readers; but in this volume they will find its essential essence. The articles are brief, *suggestive* rather than *exhaustive*. They embody in an unusual degree "food for thought." The thinking Christian—whether minister or layman—when once he becomes acquainted with this volume, will place no low estimate upon it.

(6.) **HISTORY OF THE GREAT REFORMATION, in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, and Italy.** By Rev. Thomas Carter. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. 372 pp. \$1.—Here we have a condensed history of what heretofore the student has been compelled to search for by wading through many volumes. Mr. Carter has done a good work, and done it, too, in good style. After careful examination we most cordially recommend it to those who have not the means to buy, nor the time to read the more voluminous books upon the subject. The style of the author is easy and attractive, and he has evidently spared no pains in his endeavor to attain historical accuracy.

(7.) **WHEDON'S COMMENTARY.** *A Commentary on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark. Intended for popular use.* By D. D. Whedon, D. D. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. 422 pp. \$1.—The first volume of this long-expected, and, we may add, long-desired work, has at length been given to the public. A second volume will complete the historical books of the New Testament, and a third will include the

epistles. When completed the work will constitute a cheap commentary of the New Testament, sufficiently extensive for popular use, and cheap enough to bring it within the reach of all. The late hour at which the present volume was received precluded as thorough an examination as we desired, and as we shall yet give. But we are satisfied that it will prove a valuable help to the Sunday school teacher and to the minister. No student of the Bible should be without it. In addition to the sources of information possessed by the earlier commentators, the author has availed himself of the rich contributions made to Biblical science by modern travelers and explorers—such as Olin, Durbin, Hackett, Stanley, and especially Thomson, the author of the "Land and the Book," and Barclay, author of "The City of the Great King," etc. The work is appropriately illustrated and gotten up in the best style.

(8.) **NOTES ON NURSING.** By Florence Nightingale. Boston: William Carter. 12mo. 25 cents.—A really sensible and clever book, and containing many practical suggestions which those who have the care of the sick ought to read. The present edition is issued in a cheap form, and should be generally circulated.

(9.) **PAMPHLETS.**—1. Minutes of the Pittsburg Conference, 1860. 2. Minutes of the Providence Conference. 3. Catalogue of Alleghany College, 220 students. 4. Herron's Seminary, 146 pupils. 5. Hillsboro Female College, 113 pupils. 6. East Maine Conference Seminary, 301 pupils. 7. Dickinson College, 168 students. 8. Amenia Seminary. 9. Millersburg Female College, 110 pupils. 10. Troy Conference Academy, 283 pupils. 11. West River Classical Institute, Md. 12. Female Collegiate Institute of the University of the Pacific, 66 pupils. 13. Brookville College, 204 pupils. 14. Garrett Biblical Institute, 67 students.

(10.) **HOOKER'S NATURAL HISTORY, for the Use of Schools and Academies. Illustrated with nearly Three Hundred Engravings.** 12mo. 382 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—The aim of Professor Hooker has been to cull from the immense mass of material which zoölogy presents that which every well-informed person ought to know, excluding all that is of interest and value only to those who intend to be thorough zoölogists. In this way he has not only produced an admirable and really-valuable book, but one equally well adapted to the school and the general reader. The illustrations are admirably executed.

(11.) **RIGHT AT LAST, and other Tales.** By Mrs. Gaskell. 12mo. 305 pp. Published by the Harpers, and sold by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

(12.) **THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.** By Edward Everett. 12mo. 490 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—Our readers are already sufficiently aware of the origin and character of these papers. They make a decidedly-handsome and readable volume.

(13.) **HYMNS AND TUNES FOR PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.** Compiled by Rev. George C. Robinson. Small 16mo. 160 pp., flexible covers. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—A book for the million.

New York Literary Correspondence.

Correspondent makes Apology—Anthony Trollope—Always Shooting—The Mill on the Floss—Our Writers, Historians—Godwin's History of France—Journalism.

As becomes an honest man, your correspondent confesses his remissness as a watchman appointed to observe and note the various movements in the little world of letters that lies within his own narrow horizon; and after so confessing his shortcomings, of which you are yourself sufficiently cognizant, he attempts no plea in extenuation, but casts himself upon your clemency, only faintly suggesting that possibly he will do better in time to come. Purposes to amend are the instinctive suggestions of a heart self-convicted of past faults, though unhappily they are often only suggestions, without the needed power of amendment. Indolence and neglect not only waste the passing occasions and opportunities, they also heavily tax the future, by disqualifying their subjects for healthy and effective action. And so I must confess that I return to duty but poorly qualified for it, after my long recess from its labors and painstakings.

Among the volumes of light reading to which I have lately given a hasty glance is Mr. Anthony Trollope's "West Indies and the Spanish Main," which the Harpers issued some two months since, simultaneously with its appearance in England. This Mr. Trollope is becoming one of the well-known writers of the times, notable at once for the number and the character of the volumes he has given to the public. I first "took knowledge" of him some two years ago, as the author of "Doctor Thorne," a novel of which, if I recollect rightly, I then gave your readers some account. That, however, was not his first production, though it first gave him celebrity as a writer; for as a fiction of the late *realistic* school it occupies a decidedly-high place, both as to its artistic execution and its morality and didactic purpose—standing, in my estimation, second only to Adam Bede. Since the issuing of that volume its author has sent forth "The Bertrams," a work somewhat similar in design but vastly inferior in execution; and just now we have the "Three Clerks," which I have not read, and probably shall not, as I hear that it is only a third-rate story. Thus in two years has this author given to the public four distinct works—a truly-remarkable fecundity—too great indeed to be good, and quite too great unless remarkably good.

Anthony Trollope is a son of the Mrs. Trollope of whom Americans have heard in former times—though he was not with his maternal parent during her notable residence in this country. As a writer he evinces much of the piquancy and cleverness that gave her such unenviable notoriety on this side of the Atlantic, though he is happily free from her awful acerbity of spirit and manner of writing. Yet he is not without the distinctive family marks in his character, for there is a pointed earnestness in his expressions of dislike, and a hearty odium of the false

and meretricious displayed in his manner, which pleases all who do not suffer by them. As a teacher of morality he is sound and wholesome, though he operates by warnings quite as much as by allurements, and is more a satirist than a eulogist. In Doctor Thorne the characters are both good and bad, but the reader's sympathies are kept steadily on the side of the commendable ones. In the Bertrams the chief characters are all bad ones, and nearly all the secondary ones are only indifferent; and the reader lays down the volume with the feeling that they were all a miserable set, with whom he wishes to have but little intercourse. Still, the moral lessons taught are good, and the tone of the work generally wholesome. But who wishes to learn manners and morals by associating in thought with the things one wishes to avoid?

* Mr. Trollope is an employé of the Government—one of the large and rather nondescript class which the British Government has always under pay, and which it employs as occasions require in whatever business may arise. Two great advantages result from this system of action—the Government has always at its command trusty and trained men to render it any needed services; and men who, from their ability and their restlessness, would become troublesome if left to themselves, are thus retained in the service of the Government. And so well is this understood, that a change of the administration does not affect the position of men of this class: the new party in coming into power finds them in their places, and look to them for the same services and support that had before been rendered to their predecessors in office. One may reasonably suspect that Mr. Trollope's eminent powers of sarcasm, together with his unusual mental activity, have had something to do with his selection and employment as a Government agent; for while there need be no doubt that he is a most efficient actor in whatever trust is committed to him, there is the clearest possible evidence that he would prove a most formidable enemy to any administration, should his peculiar powers become thoroughly enlisted against it.

In the discharge of some of his official duties he was sent, some year and half ago, to the British West Indies, and the volume under notice is the result, so far as the public is informed. The first thing that specially arrested our notice in reading it, was its striking characteristicness. It is all over and throughout the Englishman abroad—the man-of-letters abroad—and Mr. Anthony Trollope, making notes and observations on certain new phases of society. Social and economical crudities, which so greatly moved the irascibility of the mother in the United States, and especially in the west, call out only good-natured complaints, or, at most, suppressed murmuring from the son, while roughing it among the *disagreements* of Spanish Town and Kingston. A disposition to disquisition on social science is evinced

in all Mr. Trollope's works, and for this tendency a full opportunity was afforded by the yet unsolved practical problems presented by West Indian society. He is unquestionably a thorough Britisher, and in going abroad in the service of his Government he seems to have carried in himself a miniature copy of "Hold-Hinglan!" As in duty bound, therefore, he was an *abolitionist*, in the special English sense of that term, and must need approve of the emancipation act, by which West India plantation negroes were suddenly transformed into freemen and political rulers. But for your thorough Englishman to like a negro in close proximity to himself, or on a scale of equality, is most unnatural, and probably it almost never really occurs. Certainly Mr. Trollope did not especially fancy the black men of Jamaica, though he seems disposed to treat them fairly and to deal justly with them. He, at least practically, discriminates between the act of public justice, by which those formerly slaves were restored to their natural rights and taken under the protection of law, and the further and much more difficult work of delivering these freedmen from their native and traditional barbarism, and raising them to the condition of social equality with the more elevated, and, therefore, the ruling classes of society.

His sentiments respecting the white men of Jamaica, if they do not especially entitle him to respect as a social philosopher, at least disclose something of the social elements of his character. To his notion the Jamaica planter was "the true aristocrat of the West Indies." "He had his pedigree and his family house, and his domain around him. He shoots, and fishes, and some few years since, in the good days, he even kept a pack of hounds. He was in the commission of the peace, and as such had much to do." But all this is now past. His pedigree avails him but little among those who never wish to remember their own, and among whom the idea of ancestry has yet to be born. He would shoot, and fish, and keep his hounds still, but while engaged in these occupations, who would look after his pecuniary interests? If he sits on the magisterial bench, a colored man sits beside him; if he aspires to a seat in the provincial Assembly, a colored man is chosen over him; and so he scorns public life, and will have no part in the affairs of the government. "A thousand pities, for he was the prince of planters." Now, all this may be very sentimental, but it is also very superficial and unphilosophical. A vicious social system had been established and perpetuated in the British West Indies, which, while it oppressed the masses to a degrading slavery and lifted up a small, purse-proud aristocracy into an unnatural preëminence, was rapidly exhausting the substance of the whole community, and just as the catastrophe was impending the home government averted it by the act of emancipation and the grant of twenty millions of pounds to the hopelessly-bankrupt planters. And these now finding their debts paid for them, were not a little indignant that they were not permitted to repeat the disastrous process from whose evil results they have been delivered. They were now gentlemen without fortunes, masters without slaves, drones without workers to bring honey to their hives; for

though their ample estates remained to them, these were worthless without laborers, and the freed negroes would not work without wages—probably but indifferently with—and the planters had neither the will nor the power to pay them. Great social changes are always inconvenient, and that effected in Jamaica by the act of emancipation was probably as little so as the case would admit of, and the happy consequences likely to accrue will more than justify the wisdom and philanthropy of the British nation in making an end of the old system in the manner it was done. It is more convenient to reform organic abuses, and yet the welfare of the social body, to say nothing of justice to individuals and classes, demands such reforms; and the general good is in the end greatly promoted by them.

A more deeply-interesting question in social science is involved in the future of the Anglo-African race in America, of which the colored men of Jamaica are perhaps the most important portion. This race is now, next to our own, making the most rapid advances in civilization, and promises in the next historical cycle of the world's progress to contest the prize of supremacy with the Anglo-Saxons themselves. Ethnologists tell us that the strongest tribes are those produced by the blending of diverse races of men. It would be bold to assert that the colored amalgam of the African and the Anglo-Saxon is superior to his ancestors on either side; but what is the evidence offered by the facts in the case? Did ever any portion of mankind achieve greatness more rapidly, and in spite of more formidable difficulties, than they have done? But the most sanguine advocates of this new race must confess that there is a great steep for it to climb before it can stand side by side with its father, the white man. At this deeply-interesting problem our author only glances in his chapter on the colored men of Jamaica. Mr. Trollope's book will serve very well for summer reading for those who would unite somewhat of thought with amusement and recreation. It is genial and wise, as well as superficial and opinionated.

"He who has once hit the mark will be always shooting," is an old proverb, and, like many others of its kind, it contains not only truth, but satire too. It is sometimes said of Nature, that when she has produced some great master-piece she remorselessly breaks the die in which it was fashioned. But human genius is always attempting to excel its own best, and so multiplies its mediocre productions to damage by their brotherhood the renown of that which is best. We have seen several striking examples of this in matters of literature within a short time past. A few years since Longfellow stood at the head of American poets, but not so since he issued "Hiawatha" and "Miles Standish's Courtship." "Nothing to Wear" was a most capital *hit*—nearly perfect of its kind, and justly entitled its author to the renown of a successful, good-natured satirist; but all that was dashed when the whole thing was reproduced, like a second-hand joke, expanded and diluted in the story of "Firkin." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a complete success, at which no one was probably more surprised than the writer herself; and from that time onward Mrs. Stowe has been diligently occupied in

writing down the reputation which she so suddenly achieved in that single, first production. A like case is now presented. The success of *Adam Bede* was nearly complete, and it was quite evident that the writer could never duplicate it, and, of course, could not appear again in the same department of literature without damaging the renown which had been so successfully gained. And yet scarcely two years have passed and a new novel by the same writer is announced in flaming show-bills, and the work itself is in all bookstores, and forms a staple article with the hawkers of literature along the highways of travel. But the discriminating reader takes up "*The Mill on the Floss*" with velvety fingers, and reads it through with many misgivings, and at last lays it down with a feeling that it would be very well were it not by "the author of *Adam Bede*." Doubtless the book is a good one, deservedly ranking in the same class with its renowned elder brother; and yet it detracts from, rather than adds to, the fame of its author. In the world of literature it is as in the world of human action—individuals may outlive their reputation, and blast it by their own endeavors. Had Benedict Arnold fallen on the plains of Saratoga, his name would have been honored in his country's history; and had Thomas Paine died immediately after the publication of his political tracts on the rights of man, he would now be known as an incorruptible patriot and honest citizen. Perhaps Washington's death occurred at the right time for his reputation: he neither lived too long nor died too soon. Had Webster died ten years earlier, his memory would now be fragrant to all parties; but he undid, toward the end of his career, the work of his manhood, and despoiled himself of the reputation which had taken him a lifetime to build.

It is a little remarkable that the Anglo-Americans, the people who have the least history of their own of any of the great nations, are especially addicted to historical studies, and to writing history. Most of our great writers are historians, and of these every American has good reason to be proud. And whatever may have been the cause of this peculiar bent of the mind in our scholars—and that is not very obscure—there can be no doubt that the selection is happily made. As a literary harvest-field it is of almost limitless extent and thoroughly ripe, inviting the hands of the reapers; while of all human sciences history is the noblest, for it has for its subject MAN in his fullest developments and in the aggregate embodiment of the race. He who is well versed in history is a learned man, of whatever else he may be ignorant; and he who is not learned in this department is an ignorant man, though expert in many other sciences. The field of American history has been pretty thoroughly explored by our own writers, Irving, Bancroft, Hildreth, and the various compilers of the memoirs and papers of our great statesmen. A highly-successful attempt at the history of other nations was made in the writings of Prescott, in which indeed he was only following the lead given him by Irving in his *Life of Columbus*; and Motley's "*Dutch Republic*" is among the ablest and most perfect historical productions of the age. And now we have—from the press of Harper & Brothers—the

first volume of a new "*History of France*," by Parke Godwin, a name well known in our home literature—especially from its connection with our local journalism—in which he has been known as one of the active editors of the "*Evening Post*." The opening paragraph of the author's Preface so accurately expresses my own experience—and I presume that of a great many others—that I transcribe it as my own: "Many years ago, when I first began to read history, I was surprised as well as disappointed in not being able to find in our English literature a good general history of France. As I did not then understand the French language, my curiosity was forced to satisfy itself with imperfect compilations and abridgments." This felt want has happily stimulated the author of this volume to undertake the work of writing a complete history of the French nation for the American people, and as none but an American writer can do it, and this first installment, which is confined to the history of "*Ancient Gaul*," is something more than a promise of the excellence of the work of which it is the beginning. Mr. Godwin is a spirited and vigorous writer, patient of research, and devoted to his theme, upon which he seems to have staked his hopes of literary renown, and is likely to secure it. By such productions our national literature is permanently enriched, and their writers by them are making the whole nation their debtors. Hereafter let all English readers who would become acquainted with one of the richest departments of history avail himself of Parke Godwin's "*History of France*."

Journalism is becoming a very important department of the literature of the age. Great changes have taken place within the last quarter-century—since you and I, Mr. Editor, used to pore over the columns of the *Journal of Commerce* and *Commercial Advertiser* to glean out scraps of news only three days from Washington and thirty days from Europe. But the change in the rapidity of the transmission of news is less remarkable than that of the general character of journalism as to its scope and design. The progress of this change, which I will not now attempt to detail, would form a most interesting chapter in the history of cotemporaneous literature, as its facts constitute one of the most remarkable indications of the growth of our civilization. The secular press of New York has become a thing of immense proportions, whether considered as to its business relations, or its social and political power, or in respect to the current literature. Happily, unlike London and Great Britain, we have no single monster sheet, enjoying a monopoly by virtue of its overshadowing superiority; nor is the ground so occupied that no new-comer may not find room—provided it come prepared to make the necessary outlay in advance, and wait for the returns in after years. Such an attempt is just now in progress—a new first-class daily, "*The World*," having made its appearance under favorable auspices, and destined to succeed if conducted on a broad scale of enlightened liberality. Doubtless the new paper is placed on your list of exchanges, and you will see and examine it for yourself. Certain important movements in religious journalism are also in progress, but of these you will hear more by and by.

Editor's Table.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1860 AND ITS DOINGS.

(CONCLUDED.)

In our last number we commenced a review of the proceedings of the late General conference. In the present article we resume and conclude that review. Our object is not so much to detail the daily proceedings as to give an outline of the more important acts of the body. Even these we shall be compelled to notice in brief.

COURT OF APPEALS.

Among the earliest and wisest things transacted by the body, was the organization of a Court of Appeals. It is well known that in case of trial an appeal may be taken from the annual to the General conference. No less than twelve such appeals, and some of them of a grave character and involving the most complicated and difficult problems in our ecclesiastical economy, came up for final adjudication. Heretofore such appeals have been tried in open conference and before the whole body. To this course there were many and grave objections. Among others, the following will strike the reader as decisive: 1. It gave an unnecessary and injurious publicity to scandalous cases, and indeed to all cases. 2. It occasioned consumption of time—quite unnecessary to the ends of justice. 3. It involved the transaction of judicial business in a loose manner—as the individual members of the conference would rarely hear the whole of the case; and yet each one of them in the end was called to vote upon it.

The present method is to organize a Court consisting of as many members as there are annual conferences—two-thirds of whom constitute a Court to hear any particular case; but the individual members detailed to hear the case are to be present through the whole case—hearing, and in the end giving judgment upon it. The right to challenge for cause was secured to both parties, the remaining members determining whether the challenged member should be excused or not. One of the bishops presides over the Court, and one of the conference secretaries is detailed to keep the minutes. The organization, in its general principle, seems as perfectly adapted as any thing can be for securing the ends of justice.

Had the appeal cases, at the late session, been tried in open conference, it would have added at least two weeks to the session. As it was, the trials all proceeded peaceably and quietly, in the afternoons and evenings. An occasional reference to the Court or to an individual case, and an occasional report of the judgment given in a case, were almost the only things that indicated to the spectator that the Church was so unfortunate as to have such cases. Yet the work went steadily on, discriminating the errors of conferences and individuals, and administering justice to each alike.

TRIAL OF MEMBERS.

In the trial of Church members, several important changes were made in the Discipline. Among them are the following:

1. In the case of trial before a select committee, the parties have the right to challenge for cause. Our best administrators have always gone upon this principle. That is, they have always excluded from serving upon the committee persons against whom valid objections were made; or at least in some way they have sought to bring trials before unobjectionable persons. Now "challenge for cause" is secured to the parties as a right. This is as it ought to be.

2. Provision was made that the "select number" for the trial of a case should not be members of the quarterly conference. There is a manifest propriety in this, as, in case of appeal, the quarterly conference is to hear and try it; and the impropriety of having an appeal case adjudicated by the same persons who sat upon the trial and from whose decision the appeal is made, must be obvious.

3. In making up the committee to try a case, the administrator may go without the bounds of the charge, but not without the district. This gives a wider range for the selection of suitable men—now more necessary since the members of the quarterly conference are not to sit upon such cases; and further, it will often secure the ends of justice by freeing trials from the influence of local prejudices.

4. It was also provided that no member can be declared withdrawn without at least his verbal consent, so as to preclude him from Church privileges or the right of trial and appeal, if he desires it. The design of this was to guard more sacredly the rights of the members.

5. It was also decided, that in Church trials the presiding officer is not to sum up the evidence or give any charge, and his business is to state the law; that of the committee to judge of the facts.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE DISCIPLINE.

Every one attempting the study of the Discipline has been more or less perplexed by the lack of method in its arrangement. This has grown out of the fact that the Discipline has come into being in parts as the exigencies of the times have called for them; and also that it has been revised in the same way, at different times and under different circumstances. At the late session, a complete digest of the whole Discipline was presented and adopted. This digest distributes it into five parts, namely:

- Part I. Treats of Doctrine.
- " II. " " Government.
- " III. Contains a Ritual.
- " IV. Treats of Benevolent Institutions.
- " V. Temporal Economy.

The forthcoming edition of the Discipline will be conformed to this method.

GERMAN CONFERENCES.

The mission work among the Germans in this country is justly regarded as a work of transcending importance. It has grown up in a comparatively few years, till it now comprises about 250 traveling preachers and nearly 25,000 members. Its interests were intrusted to a special committee.

One topic demanded the especial attention of that committee, namely, the organizing of the German work into distinct annual conferences instead of connecting it, as at present, with the English work. Upon this point Dr. Nast made a most powerful and convincing argument. Such was its effect upon the General conference, that had the plans been matured, we can hardly doubt but that the measure would have carried. But, as the plans had not been arranged, the whole matter was laid over four years. It will claim and no doubt receive the early and earnest consideration of the General conference of 1864. In the mean time we hope the speech of Dr. Nast will be given to the public through our journals, that the annual conferences may come to a more thorough understanding of the subject.

MISSIONS.

The cause of missions received early and earnest attention. Increased appropriations were recommended for the domestic missions in the new states and territories of the north-west. Provision was made for three additional mission conferences; namely, one in India, one to include Pike's Peak and adjacent settlements, and a third to include Arizona, New Mexico, and neighboring countries in which missions may be established.

In order to facilitate the General Mission Committee in making their annual appropriations, it is made the duty of the presiding elders to report the condition and wants of the mission work to the respective members of the General Mission Committee. These plans for enlarging and pushing forward more vigorously the mission work, both at home and abroad, involve an increased expenditure of means, and call for enlarged contributions.

The ways and means for effecting such results were not overlooked. It was found that in those annual conferences which had been repeatedly visited by the Corresponding Secretary, and where the disciplinary plan for making collections had been thoroughly explained and adopted, there was a great advance in the collections. In some instances they were doubled and even trebled in a very few years.

The number of conferences has become so great and the office labors at New York so much increased by the extension of the missionary work, that it was no longer practicable for one Secretary to meet the exigencies of the case. Accordingly, an Assistant Secretary was determined upon, and Rev. Dr. W. L. Harris elected to that office. He is to reside in the west, visit the western conferences, keep his eye upon the frontier work, and also in all possible ways promote the collections for the missionary cause. If he shall succeed in inducing the western conferences heartily to adopt and carry out the plan for taking collections, prescribed in the Discipline, we hazard the prediction that the collections in the west will be

more than doubled before the close of the quadrennial upon which we have just entered. Our annual missionary collection ought speedily to reach ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS. It might be realized even within the present quadrennial, and yet the Church scarcely feel the burden.

A more efficient mode of ascertaining, through the presiding elders and the stationed preachers, the collections and their amount, was adopted with great unanimity. We confidently expect a large increase in our missionary efficiency, from the action of this General conference.

COURSE OF STUDY FOR LICENTIATES.

The Methodist Church, though ever the friend of education, has never favored theological seminaries as they were conducted under the old regime. But while she has ignored the *making* of ministers as machines are turned out of a factory, she has nevertheless favored the education of such as God has called to the ministry, seeking to make them workmen that need not be ashamed. At first our young men were placed upon circuits under a senior preacher. They had comparatively a few sermons to prepare, and could easily prosecute, with the aid of the superintendent, the course of study prescribed. But the course of years has brought about a new state of things. The old circuits have given place to stations. Our young men, for the most part, become at once preachers in charge. This has brought about an anomalous state of things. The course of study still remains. In fact, it is greatly enlarged. The young preachers, then, just at the time when pastoral visiting is new, when preparation for the pulpit is new, and when preaching is also new to them—have a course of study, enough to occupy their whole time, imposed as an additional burden. The tendency of such a state of things is to make poor pastors as well as poor students of such as are subject to this regimen. The evil has been severely felt, but the remedy has not in all cases been so apparent.

Besides, in the prescribed course were included studies that belonged to the district or high school rather than to a ministerial course. It was a scandal to us that modern geography and common English grammar, and other English branches, were not left to the district school, where they belonged.

These things attracted the attention of the General conference of 1856. A provision passed the Committee on Itinerancy, requiring an examination in a literary and scientific course before reception upon trial in the traveling connection. By some inadvertence the chairman permitted this important measure to slumber upon the table, and it was lost.

The movement was more successful in 1860. In the forthcoming edition of the Discipline it is made the duty of the bishops "to prescribe a course of study in English literature and in science, upon which those applying for admission upon trial in the annual conferences shall be examined and approved, before such admission." This is a step in the right direction. If faithfully carried out, our young men will learn the propriety of securing at least their common school education before they enter the ministry. It will at least partially remedy the evil which we have

pointed out, and which has been felt severely in some parts of the work.

EDUCATION.

We have already referred to the educational interests of the Church. The Committee on the subject made a strong report against the undue multiplication of literary institutions—especially those of a higher grade. They also favored the creation of some agency that would secure a more judicious distribution of teachers; and also the providing, through some system, for the aid of pious and promising young men who have the ministry in view, but are without means to secure the requisite education.

To meet these exigencies, or at least take some steps in that direction, a general Board of Education was proposed. The General conference so far approved of this as to appoint a Committee of Education to mature more fully the plan and present it for the action of the conference in 1864. The following gentlemen compose that Committee, namely:

Frederick Merrick, of Delaware, Ohio; Miner Raymond, of Wilbraham, Mass.; Herman M. Johnson, of Carlisle, Penn.; Cyrus Nutt, of Greencastle, Ia.; Edward Cooke, of Appleton, Wis.; J. M. Reid, Lima, N. Y.; Oran Faville, Iowa; and Edward Bannister, of Santa Clara, Cal.

SUNDAY ITEMS.

Several items, for the separate consideration of which we have not space, we must group together.

1. The supernumerary relation, which has been subject to growing abuse for years, was abolished.

2. The duties and prerogatives of the quarterly conferences were more clearly defined. Also a series of questions to be asked at them was adopted and ordered to be published in the Discipline.

3. A provision was passed that the claims of a preacher on the funds of a conference cease whenever he is suspended by a committee.

4. The conference determined the *status* of transferred preachers by the following resolution: "When a preacher is transferred from one conference to another, his rights, privileges, and responsibilities in the conference to which he is transferred shall date from the date of his transfer, unless it be especially provided otherwise by the bishop by whom the transfer is made; but it will not be lawful for him to vote twice on the same constitutional question, or be counted twice in the same year as the basis of the election of delegates to the General conference."

5. A resolution was passed disowning "special transfers;" that is, transfers based upon special negotiations between the preachers and the congregation, providing for his transfer, not with a view to become identified with the conference as a laborer, but simply to supply a special station for the time being.

6. The conference also passed a very important resolution in relation to the "law decisions" made by the bishops. It was to the effect that the provision that "the bishops may decide all questions of law," Discipline, Part I, chapter iv, question 3, answer 8, page 45, does not authorize the bishops to decide law questions, except when they actually

arise, in annual conference, before them, and that every administrator of the Discipline is responsible to the proper authorities for his own administration of law.

7. The distinction heretofore made in the Discipline between "quarterage," "table expenses," etc.; and the provisions making so much claim for the minister, so much for his wife, and so much for each child, have all gone to "the Tomb of the Capulets," and in their place a common-sense, business provision is made for the stewards or estimating committees to estimate the salaries of the preachers.

8. The amount necessary for the support of superannuated preachers, widows, and children of deceased preachers, must be estimated by a committee of the quarterly conference within the bounds of which they reside, subject to approval of the annual conference with which they are connected.

9. Each annual conference is left free to adopt such plan as it may judge most expedient for the collection of these several amounts. The Discipline will, however, contain a recommendation that these amounts be taken in *weekly* collections, in all our societies where it is practicable. Large classes, if the stewards desire it, may be divided into *financial* classes of not more than twelve each, and a collector appointed by the preacher, by and with the advice and consent of the stewards, for each, "whose duty it shall be to collect weekly, monthly, or quarterly, as the case may be determined, from each member of the class what they agree to pay."

10. The Discipline was so changed as to require that the stewards shall be elected annually. The mode of election and duties remain as heretofore, and the old stewards are also eligible to reelection.

11. The boundaries of the conferences were readjusted, with the following results:

New England conference received Foxboro from Providence conference. The Vermont conference embraces all of Vermont but the Poultney district, except Mt. Holly, Cuttingsville, and one or two other places, which are in Vermont conference, thus taking a large slice from the Troy conference. The name of the Delaware conference changed to Central Ohio; the Peoria conference to Central Illinois. The Northwest Wisconsin conference was established; also the Western Iowa conference. The Kansas and Nebraska conference was divided into two. The Arkansas conference was attached to the Missouri, and the Philadelphia was allowed to divide itself into two conferences any time previous to the next General conference. The number of conferences was 47, according to the Discipline, including Liberia and the German conferences. But it was really 47 excluding them, as the New Hampshire and Vermont conferences were counted as one, though they did not unite, and the Baltimore was counted as one, though it was actually divided. The number is now 51, including Germany and Liberia, and will be 52 if the Philadelphia is divided, and 55 if the new conferences in India, Arizona and Washington territories are formed.

12. The publication of a monthly Sunday School Teachers' Journal was ordered, of the size and form of the Tract Journal, to be edited by the Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday School Union. Also, a graduated series of Sunday School Text-Books is to

be prepared, under the inspection of the Secretary, for the various classes from the youngest to the oldest.

13. A committee of German preachers was appointed to prepare a new German Hymn-Book. Dr. Nast is the chairman. The committee are: Rev. C. Yost, of the New York conference; the Rev. Jacob Rothweiler, of the North Ohio conference; the Rev. G. L. Mulfinger, of the Rock River conference; the Rev. J. L. Walther, of the Illinois conference; and the Rev. J. H. Barth, of the South-Eastern Indiana conference.

14. The bishops were authorized to appoint a president of the new Methodist Biblical Institute in Germany, who shall also edit a paper and superintend the publication of books.

15. The Book Agents were directed to publish a map of the annual conferences, indicating the boundaries of each.

16. The Agents in New York were authorized to purchase or build on Broadway, so as to secure greater business facilities. They were also authorized to secure better business facilities, by purchase or building, for the Depositories in Boston, Pittsburg, and San Francisco.

17. The editorship of tracts and tract-books and periodicals is transferred to the Sunday School editor, who is also constituted Corresponding Secretary of the Tract Society, as well as of the Sunday School Union.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

After a session of thirty-four days the General conference was adjourned for want of a quorum to transact business. The following are the main items thus neglected:

1. Report of the Committee on Sunday Schools.
2. Report of the Tract Committee.
3. Report of the Committee on Colonization.
4. Report of the Committee on Itinerancy, recommending a change in the time of holding the General conference.
5. A recommendation from the same Committee to extend the term of ministerial service.

6. Report from the same Committee, excepting to the action of the West Wisconsin conference in regard to the admission into full connection of an ordained preacher from the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, and recommending that the Discipline be so changed as to admit such preachers to full connection on the same terms as those coming from Wesleyan bodies in Europe and Canada.

7. The Revised Rituals of the Church were not formally acted upon. But the Committee, consisting of D. W. Clark, J. Holdich, F. Hodgson, F. G. Hibbard, J. T. Mitchell, L. D. Barrows, and E. Cooke, were continued till 1864. And the Agents at New York were directed to supply printed copies of the new Ritual to the members of the late General conference—so, we suppose, that the Committee might receive and act upon their suggestions. They were also directed to furnish copies to the delegates elect to the General conference of 1864.

Finally, the matter is to be brought before the next General conference. This, it is to be hoped, will eventuate in an edition of our Rituals greatly improved. At some future time, we propose an article covering the whole subject of Church Rituals.

A DELEGATE FALLEN.—Just as we are closing this paper, we received the intelligence of the death of Rev. J. K. Gillett. Soon after leaving Buffalo he was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs, and after an illness of six days, died, June 27th. His wife preceded him a few months to the better land. How he died may be gathered from the following, indited while almost in *articulo mortis*, and addressed to his brother:

"I was attacked on Saturday evening with bleeding at the lungs, and again on Sabbath about 12 o'clock. In both of those bleeding spells my lungs discharged, as near as could be determined, a gallon of blood. The discharge was so rapid, that the point of suffocation was almost reached. My physician tells me the danger of a return of bleeding is imminent; also, should there be such return, the chances are all against me. I am now very weak from loss of blood.

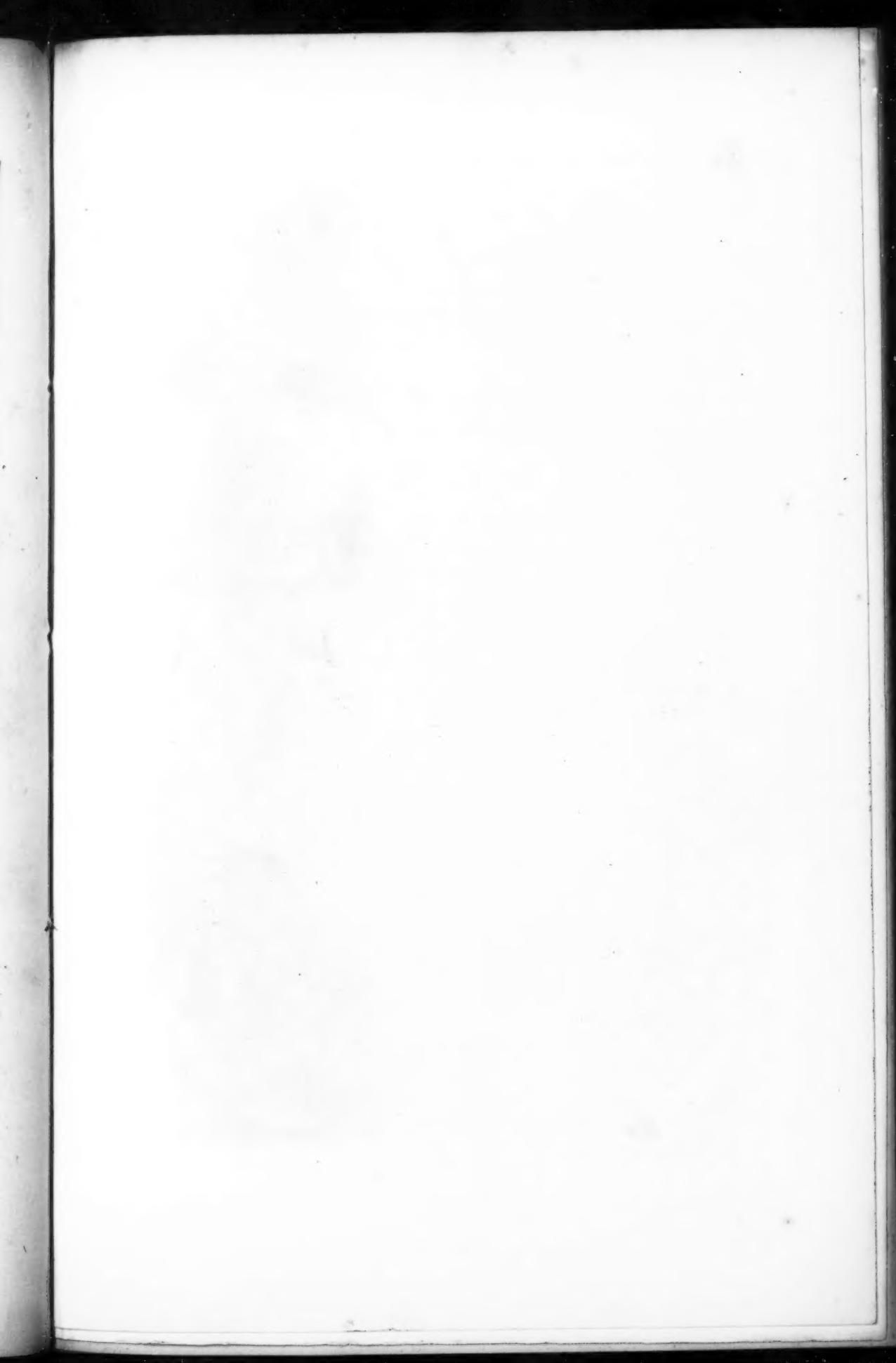
"I would that I could communicate to you some knowledge of my feelings and hopes. I never saw a happier day—a more blessed Sabbath—than the last. I thought, with how much solicitude God only knows, of my dear children, soon—as I had reason to believe—to be orphans. But glory be to God, I could and did, with a satisfying faith, give them up to you, the Church, and God. I am now content to live and labor, or to suffer and die."

REV. BISHOP MORRIS.—After residing in Cincinnati nearly thirty years, Bishop Morris has changed his residence to Springfield, Ohio. This is one of the most beautiful and healthy cities of which Ohio can boast. Amid its rural shades and in the enjoyment of its society, noted for refinement and culture, the Bishop proposes to pass the evening of a well-spent life. One of the immediate causes leading to this removal was the precarious condition of the health of Mrs. Morris, which required a quiet that could not be had in the city, and also a purer air as well as outdoor exercise. The good wishes of hundreds go with them to their new home. But among those good wishes are mingled very many regrets at their departure. By none will the Bishop be more missed than by those in official connection with the Western Book Concern, who have been so often aided by his wise and judicious counsel.

THE WORLD is the fitting title of the new daily published in the city of New York. It commands the best facilities for journalism, and is designed to combine also its best qualities. It is furnished—the daily at \$4, the semi-weekly at \$3, the weekly at \$2, and single numbers for one cent. Without being the organ of any sect, it will be more distinctly Christian than the generality of secular papers.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.—Under the supervision of President Rust this institution is accomplishing in an eminent degree the ends of its organization. The classes are finely organized, the scholars are thoroughly drilled, and the progress made, we are satisfied from personal inspection, would put to the blush many of our schools for white children. President Rust and his excellent associates in the board of instruction, are entitled to the sympathies and the support of the Church and of the friends of humanity every-where.

CROWDED OUT.—Much of the matter intended for our last page has been crowded out. We wished to make our review of the General conference as complete as possible, and could not well defer it to another number.





THE REST AT EVE





JOHN B. WILDER, A.M.

LATE MEMBER OF THE WISCONSIN LEGISLATURE.—FATHER.—MICHIGAN